M. B. A.

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BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

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THE PRESIDENT, THE DEPUTY PRESIDENT,

AND

THE GOVERNORS,

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CONTENTS.

Bacchus and Ariadne, - - - - - Page 1
Titian. W. H. Worthington.

Christ in the Sepulchre, - - - - - - 9
Guercino. A. Duncan.

The Market Cart, - - - - - - - 15
Gainsborough. H. Robinson.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 25
Claude. F. Mansell.

The Holy Family, - - - - - - - 31
Reynolds. W. H. Worthington.

Puck, - - - - - - - - - 35
Reynolds. C. Marr.

Portrait of Gevartius, - - - - - 43
Vandyke. W. H. Worthington.

Death of Chatham, - - - - - - - 49
Copley. F. C. Nicholson.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 55
R. Wilson. F. J. Havell.

St. John in the Wilderness, - - - - 59
A. Caracci. W. H. Worthington.

Dutch Lady, - - - - - - - - 65
F. Boll. E. Smith.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 71
Gainsborough. W. R. Smith.

A Brisk Gale, - - - - - - - - 77
W. Vandevelde. J. H. Kernot.

Portrait of Queen Henrietta, - - - Page 83
Vandyke. W. H. Watt.

The Farm Yard, - - - - - - - 87
Teniers. F. J. Havell.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 93
Salvator Rosa. J. T. Wedgwood.

Cephalus and Aurora, - - - - - - 99
N. Poussin. C. Marr.

Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, - - - 103
Reynolds. E. Smith.

Dutch Village, - - - - - - - 109
Ruysdael. W. Chevalier.

St. Martin dividing his Cloak, - - - 115
Rubens. W. H. Worthington.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 119
G. Poussin. W. Radcliffe.

Christ and St. Peter, - - - - - - 125
A. Caracci. H. Robinson.

Landscape and Figures, - - - - - 131
Rubens. F. J. Havell.

The Market Girl, - - - - - - - 137
Morland. C. Marr.

The Water Mill, - - - - - - - 141
Ruysdael. J. H. Kernot.

The Holy Family, - - - - - - - 145
Baroccio. A. Duncan.

Sea Port, - - - - - - - - 151
Claude. W. R. Smith.

Spanish Peasant Boy, - - - - - - 157
Murillo. W. H. Watt.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 163
Loutherbourg. F. J. Havell.

CONTENTS.

Bacchus and Ariadne, - - - - - Page 1
Titian. W. H. Worthington.

Christ in the Sepulchre, - - - - - - 9
Guercino. A. Duncan.

The Market Cart, - - - - - - - 15
Gainsborough. H. Robinson.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 25
Claude. F. Mansell.

The Holy Family, - - - - - - - 31
Reynolds. W. H. Worthington.

Puck, - - - - - - - - - 35
Reynolds. C. Marr.

Portrait of Gevartius, - - - - - 43
Vandyke. W. H. Worthington.

Death of Chatham, - - - - - - 49
Copley. F. C. Nicholson.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 55
R. Wilson. F. J. Havell.

St. John in the Wilderness, - - - - 59
A. Caracci. W. H. Worthington.

Dutch Lady, - - - - - - - - 65
F. Boll. E. Smith.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 71
Gainsborough. W. R. Smith.

A Brisk Gale, - - - - - - - - 77
W. Vandevelde. J. H. Kernot.

Portrait of Queen Henrietta, - - - Page 83
Vandyke. W. H. Watt.

The Farm Yard, - - - - - - - 87
Teniers. F. J. Havell.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 93
Salvator Rosa. J. T. Wedgwood.

Cephalus and Aurora, - - - - - - 99
N. Poussin. C. Marr.

Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, - - - 103
Reynolds. E. Smith.

Dutch Village, - - - - - - - 109
Ruysdael. W. Chevalier.

St. Martin dividing his Cloak, - - - 115
Rubens. W. H. Worthington.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 119
G. Poussin. W. Radcliffe.

Christ and St. Peter, - - - - - 125
A. Caracci. H. Robinson.

Landscape and Figures, - - - - - 131
Rubens. F. J. Havell.

The Market Girl, - - - - - - 137
Morland. C. Marr.

The Water Mill, - - - - - - 141
Ruysdael. J. H. Kernot.

The Holy Family, - - - - - - 145
Baroccio. A. Duncan.

Sea Port, - - - - - - - - 151
Claude. W. R. Smith.

Spanish Peasant Boy, - - - - - 157
Murillo. W. H. Watt.

Landscape, - - - - - - - - 163
Loutherbourg. F. J. Havell.

The Merry Fiddler, - - - - Page 169
Berkheyden. H. C. Shenton.

Grand Canal, Venice, - - - - - 173
Canaletto. P. Heath.

The Queen of Hearts, - - - - - 179
Vangool. E. Smith.

Landscape and Cattle, - - - - - 183
A. Cuyp. W. Chevalier.

Tobias and the Angel, - - - - - 189
Rembrandt. F. Mansell.

The Watering Place, - - - - - 193
Gainsborough. J. T. Wedgwood.

The Game of Tric Trac, - - - - 199
Teniers. W. Raddon.

Titian. W. H. Worthington

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

London. Published Sept.r 1832 by John Major 50 Fleet Street

TITIAN.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

Works of genius are liable to as many vicissitudes as empires: the historical marbles of Athens are in a British Museum; the brazen horses of Venice seem ever to have heard and obeyed the sound of the victor's trumpet; the Colossus of Rhodes, since borne away by the camels of the Arabians, has been reproduced in many shapes, elegant probably or barbarous; the Apollo is now in the keeping of a christian priest, who it is likely honors it as much as the heathen priests of old, and the Bacchus and Ariadne, one of the masterpieces of Titian, has undergone, in the brief space of three hundred years, a strange variety of fortune. It was painted about the year 1514 for Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara; on the decline of his house it passed into the hands of the Pope; English taste and money united in bringing it from the Villa Aldobrandini into the collection of Lord Kinnaird, at whose sale, some two-and-twenty years ago, the hammer of Harry Phillips consigned it to Mr. Hamlet; and now, at the cost we hear of four thousand pounds, it is become the property of Government, and is at present in the National Gallery. The moderate dimen-

sions of six feet two inches long, by five feet eight inches high, render it portable and easy to be placed in a good light, while the wonderful splendour of the colouring, and the classic and well told story, make it a favourite with all visitors.

The Bacchus and Ariadne is one of the first pictures of true genius which we had the pleasure of seeing; it was then in the collection of Lord Kinnaird, and the almost miraculous beauty of its colouring acted upon us like a spell. But, though we felt ourselves in the presence of a work of art immeasurably superior to aught we had before seen, the bright and harmonious variety of its colours did not conceal from us that the figures were less accurate in their proportion, and less true in their drawing, than might have been looked for from the hands of so great a master. The Ariadne, though inclining to the heavy in its form is nevertheless a figure of great beauty and matchless ease. The composition is in conception nearly blameless. Bacchus during an excursion, for the double purpose it would appear, of hunting and drinking, arrives at the wild sea-shore, with woods at hand and temples in the distance, and with light enough from the stars and moon, to observe, not only the loveliness of the scene, but also the beauty of Ariadne, who, on hearing of the approach of "Bacchus and his revellers," announced as it was by cymbal and tambourine, and probably song, throws down her mantle and pitcher, and flies,

plucking higher a part of her lower dress as she runs, and showing a shapely leg—

> " While one kind glance at her pursuer flies,
> So much at variance are her feet and eyes."

Her hurrying motion, and head half turned round, give a fine winding line to her figure; but though in full flight it cannot be concealed that she is running rather into the way of her pursuer than from him, and as we all know the result, we may imagine that the artist put no more life and mettle into her heels, nor bestowed more presence of mind, than a young woman would wish for in running away from a very handsome god. We are perhaps supported in our notions by the posture of the little strutting faun, who is dragging a calf's head along the ground. This arch personage is drawing up his little body to its fullest height, and putting on looks of great loftiness and allurement, in order to seem something in the eyes of a lady whom he cannot chuse but see is extremely beautiful. The companions of Bacchus seem all inspired with a sort of tipsy jollity, save old Silenus, who keeps moving on in drunken gravity, sensible only to the charms of wine; nor has any thing like envy of the superior beauty of Ariadne made its way among the nymphs; they continue to clank the cymbals and strike the tambourine as if rejoicing in the joy of the god. The nymph with the cymbals, indeed, is almost a rival in beauty to Ariadne, and may be thought to feel

as much, as she seems showing legs with her ; while the sly Cupid-looking faun, who but barely reaches the waist of the lady, appears to be making a comparison favourable to the charms of his companion. On the whole the picture is almost unequalled in the gorgeous lustre of its colouring, in the cleverness of its characters, and in the elegance of the landscape.

Other faults than those of imperfect drawing, and heaviness of shape, have been found with this performance. The ingenious Mr. Ottley says, " though the figure of Bacchus throwing himself out of his chariot is exceedingly bold in the conception, the head is somewhat too large, and the rest of the figure is not very well drawn. Besides this, it may be questioned how far it was judicious in the artist to represent that figure suspended, as it appears to be in the air, midway between the top of the chariot and the ground, and that not from any apparent lightness inherent in the figure itself, or other power of supporting itself as that of flying, but merely because the instant of time which intervenes between his quitting the top of the chariot and his reaching the ground is not supposed to be yet completed. Titian, indeed, appears to have been somewhat aware of this last objection, and therefore to have added the large mantle floating over this figure of Bacchus, in order to help to sustain it." We suspect that the critic has imagined the fault which he censures. The god, so far from throwing himself

out of his car, is leaping out, and any one who looks carefully at the picture will see that Bacchus is not so tipsy as not to calculate that his right foot will light on the projecting nave of the chariot wheel, and thus not only keep him from falling on his face, but give him a fresh starting point for the renewal of his spring. The whole frame of the god seems as it were conscious of this, and his foot actually appears on the feel for the nave.

The lustrous colouring of the picture has never been questioned by either artists or critics. It is executed in what we believe is called the second style of Titian, which he acquired from Giorgione on escaping from the dry and less flexible style of Bellini. The gay character of the subject accords with this voluptuous outlay of colour; yet nothing can be more natural, and we have heard accomplished painters add scientific, than the way in which the artist has employed his glowing, his warm, and his cold colours. The cold blue of the sky, the deep green of the trees, the yellow, the red and the blue draperies of the figures, with the varied hues of the nymphs, the fauns and the god, changing from the almost bronze like colour of Silenus, and one or more of his comrades, up to the rose-and--lily lustre of Ariadne herself, all blend into one grand and harmonious whole, exhibiting an almost mathematical-like skill of combination. Though all this seems to have been dashed out by the artist in a few happy hours of lucky workmanship, we are satisfied

that he has extended his care to the most minute things. The head of the ass, looking demurely from among the nymphs; the dog, evidently the suppliant follower of Ariadne; the leopards harnessed to the car; nay, even the weeds and flowers, scattered as it were in the careless luxury of nature about the foreground, are all represented with that correctness of eye, fidelity of touch, and minute observance of truth, noticed by almost all critics as belonging to the works of the painter. "Thus, when in emulation of Albert Durer," says Fuseli, "Titian painted at Ferrara the Christ to whom a Pharisee shows the tribute money, he outstript in subtlety of touch even that hero of minutenes; the hairs of the heads and hands may be counted, the pores of the skin discriminated, and the surrounding objects seen reflected in the pupils of the eyes; yet the effect of the whole is not impaired by this extreme finish, it increases it at a distance, which effaces the fac-similisms of Albert, and assists the beauties of imitation with which that work abounds to a degree seldom attained, and never excelled by the master himself, who has left it indeed as a single monument, for it has no companion to attest his power of combining the extremes of finish and effect."

In days when classic allusions were more common in verse than they are now, when no song was reckoned beautiful unless it dealt in gods and goddesses, and invoked Venus or Apollo, Dibdin,

wrought with considerable skill something of this adventure of Ariadne into a song in honour of wine; the following lines still linger in our memory:—

" When Theseus on the naked shore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
Or her fair locks or bosom tore
Like one of hope bereft?
Not she, indeed—her fleeting love
From mortal turned divine,
And love that was before a toy
Became the source of mortal joy;
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And careless levelled clowns and kings;
Such power has mighty wine,
Such power has mighty wine.

Of the birth, studies, and history of Titian, little need be said; his paintings are known to the uttermost ends of the earth, and the story of his fame and fortunes has accompanied them. He was born at the Castle of Cador, in Friuli, in 1480; his education is said to have been learned, and his masters in Latin and Greek have been named; but this imaginary scholarship is ill supported by the fact that he studied in the painting school of Bellini at Venice in his tenth year, and distinguished himself too in early life as an artist to have been " far seen in Greek." If he was taught by Bellini he was inspired by Giorgione, but inspired in a nobler way

than his master, and he soon forsook all imitation and invented a style of his own, which in truth and force of colour has never yet been equalled. He lived to a great age, was a firm and a modest man, and avoided the heart-burnings and bickerings which have but too much distingushed artists at all periods. He was patronized by Charles the Fifth, by the Cardinal Farnese, and by the Pope; he was the friend of Michael Angelo, and was intimate with almost all the men of genius of his time.

Guercino A. Duncan.

CHRIST IN THE SEPULCHRE.

London Published April 1st 1836 by John Major 50. Fleet Street

GUERCINO.

CHRIST IN THE SEPULCHRE.

This fine cabinet picture, by Guercino, is in the British Gallery and came from the Borghese Palace; it is painted on a plate of copper, and, though only one foot five inches and a half long and one foot two inches and a half high, it contains almost as much beauty as can be well put into such small compass. The subject was, during the best times of art, a favourite with the great painters of Italy; they have shewn us their notions of our Saviour in youth and in manhood; they have limned him living, dying, and dead; descending into hell, ascending into heaven, or sitting in "bright collateral glory" beside the superior angels. Yet, inspired as these artists were with a sense of dignity and beauty above all painters before or since, we cannot help feeling that they have been less successful with this subject than with almost any other. We have not had the fortune to see either on the original canvass, or through the medium of the graver, any figure of our Saviour which, in divine majesty of spirit, and meek beauty of person, we could recognize as personifying what the Scripture has so simply described. The christian artists have failed to do for the divine head

of their church what the heathen artists accomplished for their mythology; the Apollo is yet unmatched in beauty of form, and in that something still diviner—that sentiment which connects it with the gods. It is true that the personal beauty of Christ is not, that we remember of, insisted upon in Scripture: loveliness of mind is alone claimed for him, nevertheless we look for a heavenly mind in a heavenly habitation, and we cannot think of Jesus Christ otherwise than as fair in person as he was pure in spirit. The Christ of Guercino we are afraid is no exception to these remarks; it is true that Ottley says "the naked figure of our Saviour is easy and natural in the attitude, and drawn with great boldness of outline." In this we cordially concur, but we cannot hide from ourselves that the hands and feet are inclining to be large and coarse; an elegant handling of the extremities seems not to have been thought as necessary by Guercino as it was by the ancient sculptors, who expended upon hands and feet all their skill and power of finish.

The angels are, however, of great beauty; there is a mournful resignation of look about them—a submission to the will of God—a sense of the divine atonement which has been offered up for man. It was scarcely necessary in the artist to add wings, since their celestial origin is well enough expressed in their looks. Painters have been, we think, much more fortunate in the representation of angels than in their pictures of Christ; though some are more

clumsy than seems proper for spirits of the upper air, yet they are in g neral remarkable for the celestial serenity of their looks and the elegance of their forms. Some of these are evidently copied from Nature; others are creatures of the artist's imagination; our English painters have not been more than happy in such delineations; though Fuseli, in one of his pictures, vowed he would make his angel rise without wings, and communicated a certain buoyant expression to the figure which he considered equivalent to that inflammable air which raises a balloon, yet the eye is scarcely reconciled to the sight of a being with two legs and two arms, and a heavy head, ascending into the heaven, or sailing along the bosom of the air.

Blake, who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their portraits. When he himself sat to Phillips for that fine portrait so beautifully engraved by Schiavonetti, the painter, in order to obtain the most unaffected attitude, and the most poetic expression, engaged his sitter in a conversation concerning the sublime in art. "We hear much," said Phillips, "of the grandeur of Michael Angelo; from the engravings, I should say he has been over-rated; he could not paint an angel so well as Raphael." "He has not been over-rated, Sir," said Blake, "and he could paint an angel better than Raphael." "Well, but" said the other, "you never saw any of the paintings of

Michael Angelo; and perhaps speak from the opinions of others; your friends may have deceived you." "I never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo," replied Blake, "but I speak from the opinion of a friend who could not be mistaken." "A valuable friend truly," said Phillips, "and who may he be I pray?" "The arch-angel Gabriel, Sir," answered Blake. "A good authority surely, but you know evil spirits love to assume the looks of good ones; and this may have been done to mislead you." "Well now, Sir," said Blake "this is really singular; such were my own suspicions; but they were soon removed—I will tell you how. I was one day reading Young's Night Thoughts, and when I came to that passage which asks 'who can paint an angel,' I closed the book and cried, "Aye! who can paint an angel?" A voice in the room answered, "Michael Angelo could." "And how do *you* know," I said, looking round me, but I saw nothing save a greater light than usual. "I *know*," said the voice, "for I sat to him: I am the arch-angel Gabriel." "Oho!" I answered, "you are, are you: I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice; you may be an evil spirit—there are such in the land." "You shall have good assurance," said the voice, "can an evil spirit do this?" "I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more: he waved his hands; the roof of

my study opened; he ascended into heaven; he stood in the sun, and beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have *done that*—it was the arch-angel Gabriel." The painter marvelled much at this wild story; but he caught from Blake's looks, as he related it, that rapt poetic expression which has rendered his portrait one of the finest of the English school.

The character of the works of Guercino may be read in this little picture: he considered that he could not imitate Nature forcibly without the aid of strong light and shade, and to obtain this, he painted with what artists call a top-light which in some degree exaggerates all seen under its influence. Like Titian, he is more admired for the lucid brilliancy of his colouring, and for his mastery in light and shade, than for his elegance of outline and splendour of conception. It is said of him that he defended his broad and powerful masses of light and darkness by saying "few can perceive or feel the true dignity of a composition—few have souls capable of comprehending grandeur or sublimity—but almost all can discern the force and beauty of colouring." There is too much truth in this: but we may take the opinion of the painter as no incorrect estimate of his own powers; he has been charged, and not unjustly, with a deficiency of elevation and elegance, where neither would have injured, but aided the richness of his colouring. He was born at Cento, a village near Bologna, in the

year 1490; studied under Benedetto Gennari, and completed his knowledge in the school of the Caracci. One of his noblest works, is "The Hagar and Ishmael," which has such surprizing brilliancy, that all other pictures which come near it seem feeble in effect; another fine one is the history of St. Petronilla in St. Peters at Rome. The painter died, aged 76.

Gainsborough. H. Robinson.

THE MARKET CART.

London. Published Sept.1.1832 by John Major. 50. Fleet Street.

GAINSBOROUGH.

THE MARKET CART.

From the poetic conceptions of Titian and Guercino, one replete with heathen elegance, the other with christian beauty, we come to the homely nature and rustic truth of Gainsborough. And yet all is not so imaginative in the two former, or so literal and fac-simile like in the latter as some may suppose; in the conceptions of the eminent Italians, we have no doubt that much of the living beauty of their times mingled, and that they owed their nymphs and their angels as much to literal flesh and blood before them as they did to fancy: in the "Market Cart" of the Englishman we may see something of the same use made of nature: it is seldom indeed that a natural scene is worthy of being expressly copied, and we may suppose that the painter found somewhere a leading feature or two of his picture, and invented, or transposed the rest. Be that as it may, the picture before us is one of singular truth, airiness and beauty; all is home-bred about it—the stamp of Old England is impressed upon it every where—the trees are in their rough unpruned leafiness; the children have an air of freedom and vigour; the dogs seem surly

and attached; the uncombed and unwisped strength of the horse; the quiet splendour of the little patch of water with its flags and rushes; nay, even the light struggling through the glades and lapses of the luxuriant forest are all touched with the hue and character of this land. We may add to this, too, that unlike many other landscapes in which there are at most

"vacant shepherds piping in the dale,"

and a variety of other listless personages, we have here a double picture of industry—the hands which have collected the fruits of the earth, and placed them in the cart, are carrying them to the market. Gainsborough seldom painted a picture exhibiting barren splendour alone: he peopled his landscapes with peasants following their occupations, and sometimes stamped a stern severity upon them by contrasting their "looped and windowed raggedness" with the glorious woods, fertile fields, and far-seen spires and domes of the houses of the rich and the powerful.

The Market Cart was presented to the National Gallery by the Members of the British Institution: it is painted on canvass, and measures six feet one inch and a half high by five feet wide, and is looked upon by men of taste as one of Gainsborough's gayest pictures. The name tells in a great measure the story; two girls, part of whose dress is laid aside, from the warmth of the sun, are seated on the top of a cart loaded with carrots, turnips, and

other such homely vegetables; two boys, whose coats are thrown into the cart, walk by its side, along with a careful dog; the way they have come seems to have been hot; the horse, allured by a little quiet sheet of water, proceeds into it, either to cool his hoofs or drink, while two wayfarers, in the shadow of the forest, seem so overcome by the burning sun beneath which they have marched, that they lie and enjoy the luxury regardless of what is passing. Through the shafts and branches of the trees the sun, evidently in his summer strength, has forced his way and throws lines of straggling and ineffectual light on the water and on the banks. Such is the best description which we can give of this fine picture; those who know the original, cannot be unaware that no words can express the vigour of its light and shade, or place, as the painting does a living scene, fresh and sunny before you. "The picture" says Ottley "is richly and harmoniously coloured, and has otherwise great beauties: but in respect of execution, it is not, we think, exempt from the vice of manner."

Of Thomas Gainsborough, much has been said, and much has been written; yet it is wonderful to think how little is known respecting him on which we can place full reliance. He did not live in days when all the doings of men of genius are noticed and noted down in a book; he differed too with Reynolds, and had not therefore the notoriety which clung long to those who belonged to his coterie;

besides, he was a bold, free-spirited man, very independent, and not a little eccentric, and never sought to gain friends by fine words, or by smoothness of demeanour. "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party," was his dying exclamation, and in these words we may read the enthusiastic character of the man; Napoleon died giving out orders of battle; Gainsborough, in forming a party of Artists so select as only to admit one portrait painter to salvation. The ruling feeling of life is strong in death; he had been annoyed by the opposition of Reynolds whom he would never consider otherwise than as a mere portrait painter, and, excelling too in that line himself, he had been a good deal touched in spirit from the preference which the world gave, and sometimes, we think, hastily, to the likenesses of his rival. There are few men who can despise misrepresentation or neglect during life from a feeling that justice will be done to their genius in death; a cold ear is lent we are afraid to praise which is poured over the grave, and there can be little doubt, whatever men of talent may aver, that they would willingly hear the voice of admiration in life at the risk of having it deducted from the gross amount of their after fame. Gainsborough felt that he had no rival in landscape save Wilson, who was oppressed with poverty and underrated, and he, therefore, made head against the President, with the knowledge, that in case of failure, he had his landscapes to fall back upon as a sure line

of defence. We consider the fame of Gainsborough to be established in nature, to be founded on such subjects as will have an enduring interest, and in this respect he stands on surer ground than if he had acquired alone the reputation for portraits which he longed for. The world will perhaps continue to admire a scene in which the wild woods, the deep sea, the flowers of the field, the sun, the air, and the sky together with the living creatures which inhabit the whole, the two-footed, the four-footed, and the winged, are all wrought up into one magnificent picture; but we are not so certain that such admiration will long follow

"The unlettered nameless faces"

which a portrait painter sends from his easel.

Gainsborough is in every thing English: he was, in some measure, his own instructor; his academy was nature; he imitated no one either in his conceptions, or his style of colouring. As he had never studied out of the island, he had not that fame which clings to those who have studied in the eternal city; but his reputation was all the better for this; it came from an original source; there is much truth in the sarcastic admonition of Northcote to his pupils on departing for Italy, "Go, my lads, go, and remember that you cross the Alps to *steal*." The English disciples of art generally lose their own island originality in gazing upon the splendid works of Michael Angelo and Raphael;

they come home bringing with them all that is weak and leaving all that is strong ; they cannot heir the genius which inspired those magnificent works, and they have never fully succeeded in mastering the skill of drawing and lucid depth of colour visible in all that is Italian. Of the manners and conversation of this eminent person, the hostility of Philip Thicknesse, and the good natured friendship of Mr. Jackson of Exeter, have given us some information ; but the descriptions of the former must be taken with much abatement, for he was a changeable and fickle man, and the remarks of the latter are chiefly directed to musical matters of which the painter to his cost was passionately fond. He bestowed a favourite daughter upon a musician, who lived to misrepresent both the artist and his wife, and he presented a favourite picture to another of the craft, who played him a tune of which he was particularly fond. He was moreover a purchaser of harps, sackbuts, psalterys, dulcimers, flutes, fiddles, and all manner of instruments of music, and he often endeavoured to extract sounds from them which Jackson declares were grating to the ear. He was in truth a whimsical but a worthy man ; he abounded in odd notions, but he was nearly mad in all that regarded music and painting ; he took up his brush as he laid aside his fiddle, and he threw away the brush to take up the flute, the theorbo, or the harp ; with him a fine artist was the first of men, but a first-rate musician was as a

god. "First Giardini," says Jackson, "enchanted him with the violin; he imagined the music lay in the fiddle, and wondered when he purchased it that the music remained with Giardini. He had scarcely recovered from the shock, when Abel, with the Viol di Gamba, bewitched him; the violin was hung on the willows—Viol di Gamba was purchased: many an adagio and minuet were begun, but none completed; this the artist thought wonderful, as Abel's own instrument ought to have produced Abel's own music. He heard a harper at Bath, Giardini and Abel were forgotten; and there was nothing like chords and arpeggios. He stuck to the harp till he learned to play several airs with variations, but a visit from Abel brought him back to the Viol di Gamba." Such are the words of Jackson, but all men, save musicians, allowed that the artist had not only fine taste in music, but could play well on several instruments. Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, and died in London, August 2, 1788.

The three works of art which we have endeavoured to describe are, as our readers will observe, to be found in the National Gallery. They were at hand, were beautiful, and various in their character, and could be readily seen by those who might desire to compare the engravings with the originals. Our undertaking, as may be seen in the Prospectus, extends to all public and private galleries, and is not at all confined in its range or in its selections. The proprietor of this very cheap, and it is to be hoped accurate work, has no wish, as may well be supposed, of comparing or of measuring himself with the Society of Engravers, whose work is on a large scale, and of unrivalled excellence; his publication is cheap, and his limits comparatively small, but he trusts to appear

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,

and to produce a series of engravings not unworthy of public favour, accompanied by letter-press, which will be chiefly directed to the task of description and illustration.

Claude. F. Munsell

London, Published Oct^r 1, 1832, by John Major, 50, Fleet Street.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL OF ISAAC AND REBECCA.

On this fine Landscape is written by the hand that painted it, "Claudio Gel. inv. Roma: 1648." and it is supposed by some men wise in such matters to be a repetition of that celebrated picture in Prince Doria's Gallery, at Rome, known by the name of "La Molina," or the Mill. I know not how this may be, but I have heard those who know both say that enough of difference exists to entitle them to be considered as almost separate works. The leading features are much the same, and there is a mill in both; but the mill in the picture in the National Gallery is far from forming the main attraction of the scene, nor in truth can the marriage feast be regarded as the crowning beauty of the whole. The broad and lake-like river lying calm in the sunshine; the grand masses of pillared ruins rising on either side, and telling of the waste of war or of time; and the hill

"Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky,"

towering lofty and blue in the distance; and cano-

pied with one of those glorious firmaments which Claude alone knew how to produce, unite and form a harmonious combination, which renders secondary all other parts of the picture. When we have gazed our fill on the river, the ruins, the hills, and the sun diffusing a subdued splendour over all, we turn our eyes to more subordinate but still beautiful things. We then observe a small stream flung in foaming lines from the summit of a rugged and precipitous rock; it first descends in an almost unbroken sheet of water, then it is seen leaping down from cliff to crag, or flashing like gleams of silvery light among the branches of the trees, which grow there to reclaim the scene from a certain savage grandeur not in strict keeping with the rest of the composition. Far below, and close on the river, a busy mill-wheel is seen scattering a sort of luminous spray from its buckets; a tall tower is beside it to chasten the mechanical look of the mill; while nearer a herd of cows, chaced by the burning sun from their pastures, are hurrying into a shady pool for the twofold purpose of drinking and cooling their hoofs. Nor should the trees in the foreground be left unnoticed, for they are in truth exceedingly beautiful, and the painter has employed them in giving shade to the groups of wedding guests, and in narrowing the prospect near to the eye that he might open it up in boundless splendour in the distance.

We now come to the gathered and gathering

groups which give the present name to the picture. Under the shade of the trees, on the right hand, the party of the bride are met; some are seated on the ground, others stretched on the grass, a few are standing or walking about; while to cheer them, and maintain a look of joy, a girl and a youth dance merrily on the green to the sound of their own music. Nor have they come empty handed, cups, beakers, and well filled baskets, are heaped on the ground, and boats seem ready on the river to add an excursion on the water to the other pleasures of the bridal day. They are evidently waiting for something, and on looking to the left we soon see what it is—the bridegroom and his train come on horseback down one of the glades of the forest; some are hastening onwards, but the leader is holding his hand above his brow that he may see more clearly the loveliness of the landscape, or rather the party of the bride making merry amongst the neighbouring trees. There is a variety of objects in this picture. The wide wear, or dam across the river, which breaks the monotonous expanse of surface and adds a waterfall, and the distant bridge with its long succession of arches, may be named as secondary yet beautiful things. There are some objects however which seem little akin to the ruling character of the whole; of these the mill is the most objectionable, but the objection lies chiefly in the name; the painter, with that poetic tact which distinguishes all his works, has

concealed in trees, or in fine ruins, all that is vulgar or mechanical; we see little else than the wheel dim among the spray and thick droppings, and the stream which turns it falling in foaming lines from the buckets. A high and antique tower beside it leads the eye from " La Molina," and induces the spectator to think of days when a banner was on its summit and lights were in the windows.

I cannot help imagining that either the historical costume of this picture is incorrect, or that some mistake has been made in naming it. The character of the work speaks of a later day than that of Isaac and Rebecca; if we admit that the patriarch lived sumptuously, though he dwelt in tents and had his vessels of silver and gold, we cannot so readily allow that he held his wedding festival among ruins of cities and temples in the Grecian style of architecture, or that the bridal train rode over Roman bridges. The lofty porticoes, far-extending colonades, and the bridge with its many semi-circular arches, bring our thoughts down rather to the days of Constantine than carry them up to the primitive times of the patriarchs. Schlegel speaks of a painter who in a picture from Homer made Priam follow the body of Hector into a Gothic church. The present picture is not so far out of harmony with history, but if the name be right and what the painter meant, it would have been as well had the architecture been more eastern in its looks;

the scene has the look rather of Italy than of Judea; in truth I suspect that the true name is lost, and and that the present one is a sort of antiquarian guess, and none of the happiest.

I shall have another opportunity of speaking of the character of Claude as a man and an artist; an engraving from one of his loveliest pictures in the collection of His Majesty will grace a future Number; I may content myself with briefly stating that no one ever felt or expressed better the poetry of a landscape. He made it his study to be acquainted with the varying aspects of nature; the changing hues of the sky in sunshine or in storm; the shifting colours of a field of grass as the wind sweeps over and dishevels it; the light and shade of the forest, nay, the hues of the individual trees which compose it; and the fleeting beauty of the evening clouds, when

"They turn their silver linings on the night,"

were all matters to him of curious thought. But though an ardent admirer of nature, he had the fine sense to perceive that even in her fairest pictures there is much that cannot come within the range of poetic composition; he therefore took what he saw rather as materials to work upon, beautify, and combine, than as scenes to copy as they stood, and to this we owe so many truly harmonious landscapes. I look upon him as a sort of Spenser in paint; the exquisite sense and feeling of the follow-

ing verses are in poetry what Claude is in composition and harmony of colours:

The joyous birds shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet,
The angelical soft trembling voices made
To the instruments divine respondence meet.
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water-fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The present picture was painted, it is said, for the Duke de Bouillon; it belonged to the collection of Angerstein, and is now in the National Gallery. In length it is six feet seven inches, and in heighth four feet eleven inches.

m T Reynolds

W H Worthington

HOLY FAMILY.

London Published [illegible] 1852 by John Major 50 Fleet Street

REYNOLDS.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

This is one of those pictures which originated in Sir Joshua's admiration of the great Italian painters; if he has not surpassed their divinity of air, he has at least rivalled their beauty and repose. The subject has been often handled by artists; we have Holy Families from almost all painters of all countries. The theme has great attractions—it is connected with our faith, and a mother and an infant or two are lovely things, and awaken images of household tenderness common to all bosoms. But in treating the subject, maternal affection and infant beauty require to be subordinate—a something above the earth—an air celestial and a hue diviner are demanded; the Virgin mother must be little lower than the angels, and the young Saviour should have at least the dawn of that divinity which marked his maturer years. Few artists have poetic grandeur of soul enough to conceive such a group, and fewer still have that happy knowledge of eye and hand to embody it in true purity of form, and heavenly splendour of colour. We have many Families, but very few Holy ones; we have probably all that can be

given as of this world, but little or nothing of that sublime beauty of person and expression which we may imagine, with the poets, that Eve wore when she came first from the hands of her creator, and carried as it were the finger marks of divinity upon her. That Reynolds has done what other painters failed to do cannot be asserted, yet he has succeeded in a great degree where we think no one has had full success.

" This picture presents," says Ottley, " a pretty tranquil group, with an agreeable back ground, and is well engraved by Sharpe (he may now add by Worthington.) The figures of the Madonna and the two infants are richly coloured, but the head and hands of Joseph appear to be somewhat faded, a misfortune too often to be lamented in the works of this great painter." The artist in the conception of his picture has I fear made the Jesus and the St. John much too youthful for the consciousness which he has expressed in their looks, the latter is more fit for his nurse's knee than the task of crying in the wilderness and carrying the cross; Joseph, on the other hand, is an old grey bearded man, and quite unsuitable for a companion to one so fresh and blooming as Mary. Nor is this all, the scene is not marked by aught which speaks of Judea; the group may be taken as representing a repose during the flight into Egypt, yet they are scarcely in a wilderness, and though the high and abrupt hill in the distance may be imagined to stand for

Carmel, we cannot help wishing that the painter had settled the matter by giving us a more decided image of the land. The quiet beauty of the mother and child, and the splendour of the colouring, unite in making this a popular picture. The subject is a favourite one; Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and others, all painted or carved Holy Families. I happened to ask a clever traveller what he thought of the merits of their works as compared with the one by Sir Joshua. "All," said he, "may be called good, but the one which moved me most was a Madonna and Child by Correggio at Naples: in the others, one and all, I thought of the fine colours; this one was finely coloured, but the sentiment was better still—the child lay asleep on the Madonna's knees, the lips were parted; I thought I heard them breathe and saw them move. Over this vision of loveliness hung the Virgin mother, with such a look of maternal affection and entranced love as I never saw elsewhere. What was remarkable too it was some time before I saw a white rabbit much subdued in colour which came out upon the scene, giving, as I was told, an air of repose, but as I thought, an air of innocence and divinity—for the timid creature could not but see that the looks of the group were love."

The faded colouring of this picture has given much, it is believed, of the air of old age to Joseph of which I have spoken; the decay of the splendid colours of Sir Joshua is much to be deplored, his

chief excellence lay in colour and character; the outline, in which he was no great master, lay obscure and undecided amid a thousand beauties which sufficed for the spectator. These stratagems in outline always appeared to me as a serious defect; had the bounding line been visible the decay of the colours would have seemed but as a change of dress to a well made lady. He was constantly seeking after the secret of the fixed and unfading colours of Titian; every fresh picture of his he imagined was a proof that he had mastered the mystery; time however has tried sorely the value of his discoveries; many of his pictures are now

"of faded lustre wan"

compared to what they looked when they came from his easel. Fuseli laughed, or affected to laugh, at the rich and glowing colours of the President: "he will rue it, he will rue it," said Sir Joshua hastily—feeling perhaps, as many have felt, that the want of such colouring in the pictures of the other was a sore drawback upon their merits. This picture of the Holy Family is six feet five inches high, by five feet nine inches and a half wide; and the painter's price for it was five hundred pounds. It was presented to the National Gallery by the Governors of the British Institution.

Sir J. Reynolds. Charles Mar

PUCK.

London Published Oct^r 1. 1837 by John Major 50 Fleet Street

REYNOLDS.

PUCK.

The elfish expression and rainbow colours of this little wondrous picture contrast strangely with the quiet grace and solemn repose of the Holy Family. In the latter the painter had to contend for mastery with some of the chiefs of his calling, and their genius lay like a spell upon him; in the former he had no rivalry, Fuseli had but just turned his fancy upon elves and fairies; the tricksy Puck had sat to no artist; Shakspeare, though he describes his pranks leaves his person to the imagination, and Reynolds had all the honour of success to himself. It is evident he could take little from the poet; these are his words,

" Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he?
That fright the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

The Puck of this passage resembles in a great degree the character of the Brownie, the drudging elf of Scottish superstition; he seems a sort of Will-o'-wisp, and is akin to the Lubber-fiend of Milton, who thrashed the corn with a shadowy flail, and when weary

" stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Bask'd at the fire his hairy strength."

To picture forth a creature at once perverse and obedient, malicious and kind, a thing compounded of earth and air, with power to do much good or great evil, was no easy task. To create on canvas a spirit, which like Ariel, could put a girdle round the globe in fifteen minutes, and other feats equally perilous;

" To tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost,"

required singular fancy and felicity of hand, and neither seem to have been wanting in this work. Puck is seated in a kind of merry majesty on the top of a mushroom, and all around him are proofs of his powers of amusing mischief. The honest Weaver, with the ass's head on, is perhaps enjoying the luxury of a thistle, unconscious of the neighbourhood of the gentle Titania, and fairies may be

supposed sporting among the trees like squirrels in the nut season. Nothing perhaps can surpass the expression of the elf's face, but the marvellous colouring in which the whole is embodied, and which seems to shed a sort of supernatural light over the scene, in perfect keeping with his mischievous drollery of look. This merry imp is the portrait of a child, which was painted without any particular aim as to character: when Alderman Boydell saw it he said, " Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck for my Shakspeare Gallery, I will give you an hundred guineas for it." The President smiled, and said little, as was his custom: a few hours happy labour made the picture what we see it. The knowledge of this caused the critics to say that Puck was too much like a chubby child, and resembled more a creature requiring a nurse than a malicious elf who could, like Ariel,

" Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Or lead me like a firebrand in the dark."

All this is matter of imagination, it is hard to say how he should be painted; the fairies of the Scottish mythology are described as " fair haired children;" the Brownie seems of a forbidding look, and we have no better light than what fancy affords to aid in the delineation. Northcote admired the beauty of the work, and was not unaware of the objections urged against it. " Puck," said he, " in

point of expression and animation is unparalleled, and one of the happiest efforts of Sir Joshua's pencil, though it had been said by some cold critics not to be perfectly characteristic of the merry wanderer of Shakspeare." When the pictures of the Shakspeare Gallery were dispersed it was purchased by Samuel Rogers, Esq. whose taste in painting almost equals his genius in poetry; on which occasion it is said West exclaimed, "O! the Poet has the sense to buy nought but the finest things."

Of the character of Sir Joshua as a man, and his genius as an artist, much has been written and more said; respecting the first, it is enough to observe that his friends thought him an indulgent companion and an accomplished gentleman, while to some who looked perhaps too closely, he appeared more narrow and economical than became his station and fortune. With regard to the second, time has only sanctioned the applause of his contemporaries, and extended and confirmed his fame. Of all the eminent portrait painters who have flourished since his day, none have surpassed him in truth and freedom of character, and none have equalled him in glowing vigour of colour, and in the harmony of light and shade. To say as one of the most eminent of his brethren said, that he "united the local colouring of Titian with the chiaro 'scuro of Rembrandt," would be to proclaim a truth which none but those who are well acquainted with the best works of these artists can understand. "In taste," says

Burke, who always wrote to be understood, " in grace, and facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere; his paintings illustrate his lessons and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings." Such were the words written by an eloquent friend when the corpse of the painter was scarcely cold, and had the comparison been confined to the portraits of his native contemporaries, I should have adopted the eulogium as at once elegant and accurate. But the portraits of Titian and of Vandyke are recalled to our fancy by the description of Burke, and few I think will contend that in poetic conception, in manly dignity, or in deep harmonious colouring they have been excelled by our eminent countryman. The best pictures of Vandyke seem to me to have a freedom of posture and a loftiness of sentiment which Reynolds has oftener approached than reached; it is true that the short cut locks,

and the ridiculous taste in dress, which prevailed in Sir Joshua's time, are less poetic and picturesque than the masses of ringlets and the flowing mantles of the times of Sir Anthony; but it is not of that alone I speak—I allude to the soul and mind visible in eye and brow.

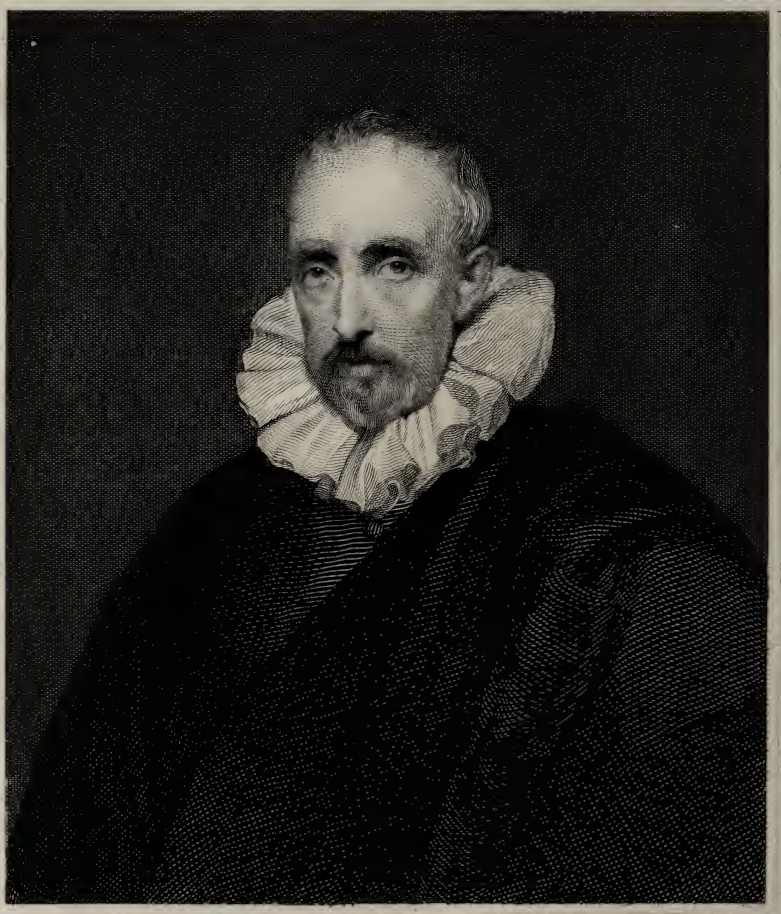
If Reynolds had to obey fashion in his large portraits, and be ruled by the taste of sitters who chose postures not always natural or according to character, he was left to the freedom of his own will in his inimitable pictures of children. These I have always looked upon as the most graceful and unaffected creations of his pencil; they are part portrait and part fancy, and form the connecting link between reality and fiction. Sometimes they are made to assume the characters of poetry, and charm us as boy-Mercuries, Ariels, and Pucks; again, it is the pleasure of the painter to mimic history; a lord on his nurse's knee takes upon him one of the tasks of the infant Hercules; a baby earl enacts Moses in the bulrushes; a marquis, nine years old, lays his hand on a sword, and swears as a Hannibal; and a duke in swaddling bands assumes the port of a child-Jupiter. Nor do I like him less, but rather better, when he retires from heroics and Mount Olympus, and makes his lisping sitters be content to figure as the rustic offspring of the cottage; his shepherd-boys, his beggar-imps, and his whole progeny of children busied in domestic things, are full of truth and nature and elegance.

His historical works are much less to my liking, he could see but not conceive character; some of his pictures of that kind want blood and life, the dead refused to rise from their graves at the call of his fancy. Friends however have not been wanting to describe his historic pictures as unequalled by all other efforts of the pencil. "My own opinion of the Macbeth is," says Northcote, "that the visionary and awful effect produced both in the conception and execution of the back-ground is certainly without a parallel in the world; its novelty and its excellence bid defiance to all future attempts at rivalry."

The dignity of the personal character of Reynolds, the eminence of such friends as Johnson and Burke, and the unquestioned beauty and truth of his numerous portraits, united to render his name and influence great in the land, but the example of his personal character terminated with his life; the lips of some of his most eloquent friends were closed nearly as soon or sooner than his own, and of all those on whose looks he laid out his skill none survive to say how little labour it cost him to paint heads, and with what happy readiness of hand he spread out the fascination of his colours. With painters the fame of Reynolds arises from the general view which they take of his works; they see high merit in heads which are without any other recommendation than what the pencil has bestowed; the public take a more limited view, they look only at

the portraits of his men of note and genius, and at his graceful women, and his lovely children ; at the men, because they are images of the form and mind of the chief heirs of fame; and at the others, not as portraits, but as delineations of beauty and loveliness.

He was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, 16th July, 1723, and died in London, 23rd February, 1792.



Vandyke. W. H. Worthington.

DESCARTES

London Published Nov 1 1843 by John Major, 50, Fleet Street

VANDYKE.

GASPAR GEVARTIUS.

Anthony Vandyke was born at Antwerp, 22 March, 1599; his father was a merchant, some say a worker in stained glass, and his mother excelled in flower painting and embroidery. He studied with Van Balen, and was admitted to the gallery of Rubens, whose jealousy he is idly said to have excited by the elegance of his outlines and the harmony of his light and shade. He left his native place in his twenty-first year, and on a horse of his great master's giving, departed for Rome; he fell in love, it seems, by the way, and setting up his easel at Brussels, painted his mistress, and at her request made an altar-piece for a church; and then, but not without a friendly remonstrance from Rubens, continued his journey. In Rome he astonished the artists, of even those palmy days for painters, by the magnificence of his mode of living, and at Venice he raised the wonder of the brethren by his skill in imitating, and that with no servile hand, the hitherto matchless colouring of Titian. His fame reached Charles the first, almost the only British King that has shewn a true taste for art, who persuaded him

to settle in London, where he painted the chief men of his day, received the honour of knighthood, and obtained to wife Mary Ruthven, grand-daughter of the unfortunate Earl of Gowrie, and one of the maids of honour to the Queen. By this lady, whose portrait he has left us, he had one child, a daughter, whose descendant was Stepney, called by the courtesy of criticism, a poet. Vandyke died in the forty-second year of his age, and was buried in old St. Paul's.

Three artists of different countries stand undisputed masters in portrait painting: Titian for force of colouring, Vandyke for elegance, and Reynolds for freedom, are as yet without rivals. If Vandyke is surpassed by the Venetian in light and shade, and by the Englishman in natural ease, he excels them both in heroic elegance and dignity of soul. It is true that Walpole charges him with unfruitfulness of fancy, Fuseli with imitating Titian, and Hazlitt, a better authority in painting than in poetry, accuses him of "a somewhat effeminate cast of colour and expression," and with "wearing an air of faded gentility." I believe the opinion of the world differs from the sentiments of the first and last of these critics. Occasionally indeed a deficiency in natural vigour may be observed; nor has he always contrived to conceal the labour which his compositions cost him: a want too of unconscious loveliness and grace may be urged as a defect in many of his female heads. But all this is nothing compared with

the manly elegance and the heroic dignity of his best works; in this he has surpassed all other artists, he has no violent attitudes nor postures which require explanation; he is all energy and motion, but then it is less the energy of body than of mind; and when it is his pleasure to put his sitter in a somewhat startling position, he brings his work back to nature and beauty by the wondrous freedom of his pencil, and the command which he has over all the movements of the human frame.

It is said by Dryden that Shakspeare never ventured but once to paint a true gentleman; Vandyke could delineate nothing else; his Dutch artists and Burgo-masters look equal to the founding of academies and the establishment of empires; and the splendid file of nobles and warriors whom he painted during the days of Charles the first seem to have been extinguished in the great civil war, for our painters can seldom find such heads to limn in these later days. There are some two hundred and odd portraits in this country from the pencil of Vandyke: it would be well to select the finest of these, and exhibit them along with a hundred or so of the best works of Reynolds for the use and admonition of some of the face-painters of our own day, whose likenesses are frequently tame both in posture and expression. The true way to estimate the great merit of Vandyke is to take up Clarendon, and while we read the historian's characters of the chiefs of his time, compare them with the heads of the

painter; there is a singular resemblance between them, which shews that the artist had something more than outward shape in his mind when he painted portraits. The heads of King Charles, Laud, Villiers, Strafford, Newcastle, Pembroke, Percy, Hay, Cottington, Richmond, Arundel, Derby, Goring, Rupert, Maurice, Digby, Hamilton, Montrose, Falkland, Lindsay, Warwick and others will be found to correspond in no small degree with the notions awakened by Clarendon in his all but living descriptions.

Though we have written Gevartius at the head of this brief notice of the artist and his productions, we must not conceal from our readers that the portrait has other names. It is not the least amusing part of the history of this work to learn that Gaspar Gevartius, or Gevaerts, is as little likely to be the true name as that of Vander-Giest, though the antiquarians of Antwerp assert the one, and Dallaway, in Major's splendid edition of Walpole, contends learnedly for the other. This wish to find a name shews how much the world expects one in a portrait, and the readiness with which names have been found warn us to put little faith in all that are doubtful. It is much to the honour of the painter that a portrait under the disgrace of an alias continues to rank with the finest of his productions. It is painted on wood, and was originally little more than the head with some indications of the shoulders; additions, we know not by what hand, have

been made, and the bust part is completely cloaked up, not so much in strict keeping with the head as to make it correspond with the character of "learned civilian and town-clerk of Antwerp," which the foreign authorities contend for. Hazlitt says, "it is not the best specimen of the painter; it has," he observes, "too many streaks of blood colour, too many marks of the pencil to convey an exact idea of Vandyke's characteristic excellence; his most striking portraits are those which just look like a gentleman or lady seen in a looking-glass—and neither more nor less." This is no unfair account of this fine portrait; but the critic has not been so correct in his general estimate of the works of Vandyke. Ottley dissents from his brother critic; "the picture before us," says he, "is painted in Vandyke's most studied and finished manner: the face being admirably drawn and full of character: the eyes having all the liquid lustre of reality, and the carnations possessing the softness, the transparency and the animated glow of nature itself." It was the aim of that great master to paint more than what he saw—to represent the qualities of mind; moreover he considered it necessary to tamper with living forms; he looked on them with a scientific eye; he lessened without hurting the character of a large mouth or nose; he refused to perpetuate what he considered the excesses of nature, and sought to preserve individual likeness, while he brought it closer to the rules of science. Had the

heads of Vandyke been confronted with the living originals the compasses of mechanical criticism might have shewn them incorrect as to exact quantity, while true judgment would have felt the truth and force of the mental expression. Many artists will consider these remarks as flat heresy; they are true nevertheless; and the finest heads in modern painting and sculpture are executed on these principles. We shall touch on this topic again in a succeeding number, when we intend to introduce one of Vandyke's most graceful female portraits from a picture which has never till now been engraved. The Gevartius was sold by auction in 1796 for two hundred and thirty guineas; was purchased two years afterwards at the sale of Bryan's collection for three hundred and forty guineas; and finally came into Angerstein's keeping for five hundred guineas. It is now at rest in the National Gallery.

Copley. T. E. Nicholson.

DEATH OF CHATHAM.

London Published 20th April, 1833, by John Major, 50, Fleet Street.

COPLEY.

DEATH OF CHATHAM.

The scene of this picture reminds us of the brightest names in English history; here our greatest princes presided, our ablest orators harangued, and our wisest judges sat in judgment; before us is the throne of our Edwards and Henrys, on either side are represented the naval triumphs of our Howards, our Drakes, and Raleighs, while the Thames flows closely past unchanged in breadth and beauty where all else is changed. Nor has the artist relied for success on such associations alone—he has chosen a momentous period of our annals, brought the most eminent of our statesmen upon the scene, and shewn him dying at the close of that brilliant harangue in which he warned Britain against the crime of shedding the blood of her children. Perhaps in the choice of subject the painter's thoughts wandered to his own native America; at all events he obtained the praise of the illustrious Washington. "This work," said he, "highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist who produced it." Nor is it uninteresting to reflect, that the son of the painter has in our own day filled

the seat of Lord High Chancellor with honour to himself and advantage to his country.

The death of Lord Chatham made a deep impression on the public mind—something of a superstitious fear came upon many people; they heard in his last speech a prophetic admonition to Britain, and looked on his fate as an omen to be explained in blood. He had risen to reply to those who dissented from his opening speech, 7th April, 1778, when his voice faltered, a tremor came upon him, he fell back in a faint, and was conveyed to his own house, where he languished and died. To embody this moving scene was the task which Copley undertook—that he has not succeeded no one can say; there is perhaps no other picture extant containiug such a multitude of portraits, where one deep and absorbing interest is imprest on almost all faces. Some indeed must bear the reproach of carelessness or inattention, and it is more than likely that among the spectators one or two might look on without emotion. There is an earnestness stamped on the performance which gives additional effect to the portraitures. The painter has told the story of Chatham's death much in the same way that it happened; he is thrown back on the benches; the Duke of Cumberland supports his left side, Lord Mahon is at his feet, whilst his relatives hasten to afford their ineffectual aid. Near him is the Duke of Portland, with Shelburne and Temple, and there is considerable bustle on the woolsack

and among the bench of bishops. Though Copley exhibits the divines more under the influence of reason and religion than to be much excited at the departure of a fellow worm, he thought it was necessary that they should do something; he accordingly makes the Bishop of Peterborough slap his breast, and Markham, Archbishop of York, whisper in the ear of Chief Baron Skinner a text probably of resignation and submission. On the right, in the foreground are Richmond, Rockingham, Spencer, Fitzwilliam, and Besborough; beside the woolsack, Bathurst and Mansfield, and behind it Thurlow and Wedderburn; while moving towards the dying Earl come Dudley and Ward, Dartmouth, Amherst, Sandwich, and Gower. The whole has been painted with what artists call a firm pencil; the drawing has been praised, so has the grouping, nor is the light and shade without merit. The chief fault is the too literal likenesses of the characters.

We consider that this work occupies a middle place between mere portrait and historical painting. It is a succession of portraits put into motion, and endowed with sentiment—or in other words, an accurate representation of the actual event, the postures and employments of the actors, modified according to the taste and judgment of the artist. Now, some painters consider this work to be truly historic; they say, can history be better enacted than by the real persons who live in it? Our answer is, that all the best historical pictures are conceived in

another way and executed on a different principle. It is true that some of the persons who distinguish themselves in history are both in shape and look sufficiently dignified for the highest purposes of art, but this cannot be said of the three-fourths of mankind. True historic painting is true heroic or poetic painting. The eye must be pleased as well as the mind, it tolerates nothing that is not noble in shape; a warrior on the field of battle may be diminutive, nay, mishapen, for having the spirit of a hero is enough for the working day; but without the port and proportions of the heroic he is unsuitable for historic painting. A mishapen statue is not, let its looks be what they may, of the heroic class; there must be poetry, there must be science, and there must be geometrical combination, else we shall have a work literal, and like, and common, but not such as elevates our minds and excites noble sentiments. We have always considered that one sentence in the Defence of Poesie is well worth all Fuseli's lecture on the Ideal. Sir Philip Sidney, in speaking of different classes of poets, "whether they be poets or no," says he, "let grammarians dispute, and let us go to the right poets of whom chiefly this question ariseth, betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you which is fittest for the eyes to see,

as the constant though lamenting look of Lucretia when she punished in herself another's fault; wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue."

Of John Singleton Copley the little that is known may be found in The Lives of the British Painters. He stands high in the second rank of our artists, and has left works which the world seems willing to remember. He was of British parents, and born at Boston in America, 3d July, 1737. At an early age a love of art came on him; he had neither models nor instructors, but the best education is that which genius gives to itself. He began to paint portraits and domestic groups, and on sending them to the London exhibition they were both noticed and praised. A painting of a boy and squirrel established his fame; it was remarkable for its nature and truth, and a vivid depth of colour. In 1767 he came to England; he had sounded West, and corresponded with Captain Bruce about his chance of success in London; their cold answers did not daunt him, he made the venture for himself and succeeded. He became a member of the Royal Academy, and painted a series of national works, of which the death of Major Pierson, a young hero, who fell in repulsing the French from Jersey, and the death of Chatham, were the best. He lived till he was seventy-eight years old, nor did he lay aside the pencil till admonished by

the success of some of his more youthful brethren. His outlines were reckoned correct, his conceptions natural, and his early colouring deep and harmonious. He has been accused of a certain coldness of fancy; a companion of his has represented him as difficult to please and snappish in conversation, but this might be said of the best natured were their impatient sallies noted down. The Death of Chatham is ten feet long and seven feet six inches high; the painter refused fifteen hundred guineas for it; it was purchased, we know not at what price, by the late Earl of Liverpool, who used to say that such a work ought not to be in his possession, but in that of the public: these words were not heard in vain by the present Earl, who munificently presented it to the National Gallery.

WILSON.

LANDSCAPE.

This is one of those fine scenes of fancy in which Wilson excelled. He was none of the literal copyists of nature who, unless it please the earth, sea and air, to unite into one splendid landscape, and appear before them really and truly, have no chance of ever being heard of. He was one of the most poetic painters of inanimate things that ever lived; he had the rare faculty of extracting whatever was lovely or grand from the aspect of nature, of uniting the beautiful of what he saw with the beautiful of what he imagined, and forming the whole into one magnificent picture, in which all that was fair on earth was blended with all that was sublime in heaven. Nothing was to Wilson so depressing as a common scene, nothing so elevating as a poetic one; in this he resembled our greatest poets. A landscape of his reminds us as much, as the harmony of colours can, of the scenes in the Seasons of Thomson; all with him was poetic, he admitted nothing amusing or ordinary upon his canvas. He went out to the valleys and to the mountains, not so much to look at them as to hold conversation with them; with him romantic glens lived, picturesque hills breathed, haunted rivers spoke, and the assembled clouds of heaven edged with sunshine, or touched with lightning, were as something spiritual which exalted his

mind and communicated supernatural brilliancy to his fancy. Yet if he is never wholly on the earth, he is never altogether in the clouds; his most fanciful scenes are linked to our feelings by a thousand ties of nature, poetry or history real or fabulous. If his clouds seem ever overcharged with their burthens, figures of angry gods are seen dimly in them discharging arrows at the sinning sons of men; if the scene threatens a barren magnificence, he brings it back to our sympathy by the shepherd hurrying his flock over it, or by the figure of some traveller bewildered in the splendour of hills heaped upon hills, and Alps on Alps; or, if he chooses to depict some quiet and lonely lake, with the heron on its winding margin, and the shadows of lambs on its bosom, he connects it with sterner times by the rough outline of some castle or keep, standing like a sentinel by the silent water, or with some now neglected temple for worship, where gods of wood or stone had niches and altars.

Of the latter kind of landscape the scene attached to these pages is an example; the quiet poetic beauty which Wilson occasionally loved is there: there are cattle on shore, anglers watching with their rods, water lilies lying white on the lake, while overlooking the whole a dark peaked mountain, with a ruined fortress at its base, connects history with natural grandeur. To interrupt the long extent of mountain, and give life to the slumbering lake, the painter has dashed in a bold abrupt headland, rough with rocks, fringed to the waters edge

with trees and shrubs, and crowned with an ivied ruin, evidently the reliques of a feudal tower, which in times of strife and commotion afforded shelter and protection to the lords of the land. There are few of Wilson's landscapes without water, he had a sort of island love for the element, and no one has painted it with more truth and beauty. Indeed, he would have backed a waterfall against a king's coronation at any time; he loved whatever was immutable and undying.

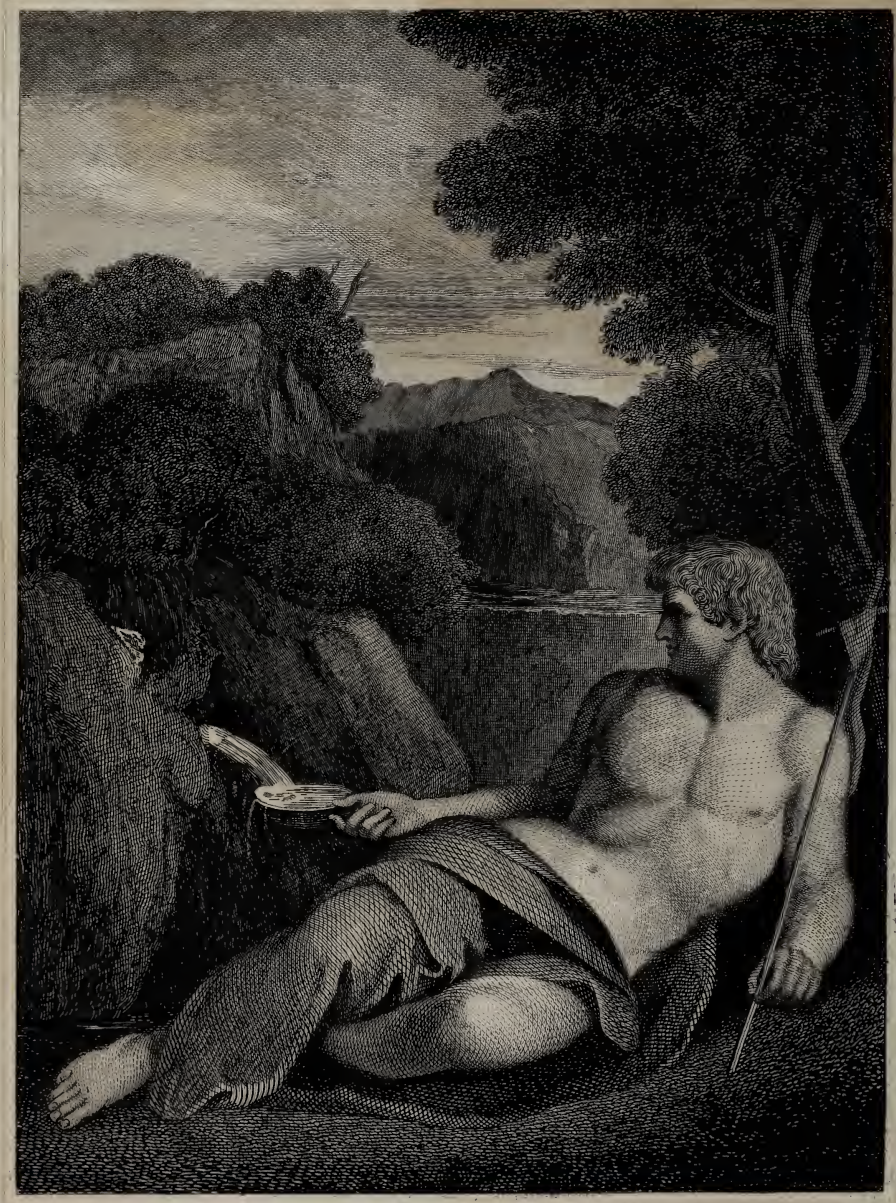
"The bright unchanging glory of the eternal hills"

he reckoned as something worth living for, while men were but dust in the balance. It was this enthusiastic feeling which enabled him to triumph in the race of future, not immediate fame, over all opponents.

How little Sir Joshua Reynolds felt the excellence of the works of his contemporary Wilson may be gathered from those three depreciating pages in his fourteenth discourse, written and spoken when the great landscape painter's head was in the dust; he is speaking of the mixture of common nature and classic ideality, which he imagined he saw in his landscapes. "To manage," says Reynolds, "a subject of this kind a peculiar style of art is required, and it can only be done without impropriety, or even without ridicule, when we adapt the character of the landscape, and that too in all its parts, to the historical or poetical representation. This is a very difficult adventure, and it requires a mind thrown

back two thousand years, and as it were naturalized into antiquity, like that of Nicolo Poussin, to achieve it." Now, these are very just observations, but more applicable to any other painter than to Wilson; his clouds and hills and ruins are all of the poetic stamp which the President required; there is nothing every day or common place in his compositions; Reynolds must have shut his eyes against the character of those magnificent landscapes, for one cannot well accuse him of laying down rules so profound that he could not perceive when they were fulfilled. The critic wonders at seeing Apollo in clouds, which he says have not the appearance of being able to support him, and are besides deficient in the romantic character appropriate to such a subject. We marvel what kind of clouds are the most suitable to support gods upon, and moreover we would be glad to see a cloud of a romantic character. It is not easy to account for the hostility of Sir Joshua to the memory of a man who died neglected, old, and poor. The fame of Wilson is however quite safe, and what is better it is on the ascent rather than on the fall; of his life and works we shall yet find many occasions to speak.

The original of this landscape is in the collection of T. E. Earle, Esq. of Holten Park, Oxfordshire; late the property of T. Biscoe, Esq. of the same place, who permitted Mr. Havell to copy it for engraving.



ANNIBALE CARACCI.

ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Five of the name of Caracci rose to eminence in art: viz. Ludovico, Agostino, Antonio, Francesco and Annibale: they were kinsmen and flourished about the same period: the first obtained distinction both at home and abroad; Agostino was a poet of no mean powers; but Annibale, though not the oldest, is placed from superiority of genius, at the head of the family. He was born at Bologna in the year 1560, received a liberal education and studied painting under his cousin Ludovico Caracci, who was one of the disciples of the Bologna school. Annibale however did not confine his views to the masters of painting in his native place: he made himself acquainted with the works of Correggio, Titian, Tintoretto, Paulo Veronese and other skilful artists, and in copying them endeavoured to preserve his own original feeling and taste. He was naturally desirous of distinction, and came to an early resolution to measure his strength against those great masters with whom the world was familiar; nor did he want powers to fit him for the task; he had a fine imagination, much boldness of conception and a taste for the wild and the daring. The fame of his works reached

Rome, and the Cardinal Farnese invited him to employ his pencil on that Gallery which bears his own unworthy name; the reputation of the antique statues, those masterpieces of science and genius, had fired his fancy before, and made him the more willing to comply with the wish of the Cardinal,—on his arrival in the Eternal City, the first step he took was to the gallery which contained the reliques of Grecian art. The sight and study of those performances had an immediate effect upon his style of drawing; the severe dignity of the antique rebuked the flightiness of his imagination; he became more scientific, more correct; but what he gained in purity he lost in vigour, and in taming down his fancy he is accused of quenching some of its fire. His kinsmen charged him with deserting the manner of his native school, and with creating a sort of medium style, which had a portion of all schools, and belonged rightly to none.

The paintings in the Farnese Palace were the work of ten years; men from all quarters, the tasteful and the titled, flocked to see them; and the painter hoped to stand equal in fame, with Angelo and Raphael. That he executed his vast task in a way worthy of his reputation, and showed singular boldness of thought and readiness of imagination, has been allowed by almost all critics; he seems not however to have satisfied his patron, who, influenced it is said by the sordid advice of his favourite dependant, Don Gio, presented the painter

with five hundred crowns for a work which merited more than as many thousands. Injustice regarding this splended work has not been confined to the Cardinal; Fuseli, who only allowed one or two painters to be great in poetic imagination, has recorded his opinion in these injurious terms. "The work on which Annibale rests his fame is the Gallery of the Farnese Palace, a work whose uniform vigour of execution nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception. If impropriety of ornament were to be fixed by definition, the subjects of the Farnese Gallery might be quoted as the most decisive instances. Criticism has attempted to dismiss Paulo Veronese and Tintoretto from the province of legitimate history with the contemptuous appellation of ornament painters; if this be just, where shall we class him, who with the Capella Sistina and the Vatican before his eyes, fills the mansion of religious austerity and episcopal dignity with a chaotic series of trite fable and bacchanalian revelry, without allegory, void of allusion, merely to gratify the puerile ostentation of dauntless execution and academic vigour. If the praise given to a work be not always transferable to its master; if, as Milton says, 'the work some praise and some the architect,' let us admire the splendour, the exuberance, the concentration of powers displayed in the Farnese Gallery, whilst we lament their misapplication by Annibale Caracci."

Censure such as this from a painter whose chief

fault was extravagance, may seem conclusive as to the merits of Caracci's great work; but Fuseli's opinions require to be considered before they are adopted; he spoke and decided too much by momentary impulse to be a safe guide, and hazarded strong sayings for the sake of their wit or their oddity. Caracci's classic groups were the offspring of learning and the age in which he painted. The heathen mythology continued for a century after his time to infest our literature, it is not yet wholly removed from our art. Nor was it a church for which he imagined those groups of bacchanalian revellers, nor yet the "mansion of religious austerity," it was the dwelling of a Cardinal, nowise desirous of having his walls painted with comments upon scripture, and who was not averse to joyous company, and the presence of heathen divinities. Agostino, in one of his sonnets, indicates the character which his cousin Annibale sought to impress on his works —he imagined that by selecting the beauties and correcting the faults of each school, he might form a perfect system, such as would excite the wonder of the world. "Take," says he, "Roman design; Venetian motion and shade; Lombardy's fine tone of colour; the terrible manner of Michael Angelo; the just symmetry of Raphael; the truth and nature of Titian; the sovereign purity of Correggio; the duration and solidity of Tibaldi; the learned invention of Primaticcio; and a little of Parmigiano's grace—or, to save study and labour, imitate the

works which our dear Nicolo has left." That Annibale attempted all this no one has said; it is true, however, that in his latter works the severe coldness of the Greek sculpture was more than visible, and that in becoming more scientific, he grew more dry and less natural both in invention and colour.

The work before us may be said to have been conceived in Bologna and painted in Rome. There is something of the wild daring of Caracci's youthful imagination in it; and not a little of that severe truth and scientific accuracy of outline which he affected after removing to the capital. The savage grandeur of the wilderness is stamped on the background, where rock piled on rock, shagged with trees and bushes, and moistened by a rivulet which glimmers among the natural basins of the glen, form a retreat suiting with St. John's melancholy grandeur of soul. The picture tells its story at once, and cannot well be looked on without being understood. In this work the painter is imagined to have had Correggio in his mind, who was fond of placing beauty in a desert. None of the superabundance of embellishment for which Fuseli censures his Farnese Gallery, has found its way into the design; all is barren and savage; the seat of the Saint is on the ground, his body is but partly covered; the cross is in his left hand, and a wooden cup in his right, with which he is procuring water from the rock. Nor does he seem to be

seeking the water to quench his thirst, the cup is about flowing over, and he may be considered as moralizing upon the element running to waste. "The figure," says Ottley, "is drawn and executed with great academic power; and the back-ground, a wild picturesque landscape, is painted in Annibale's boldest manner." Hazlitt, in his Sketches, had nearly overlooked this picture. "I forgot to notice," said he, "a St. John in the Wilderness, by Annibale Caracci, which has much of the autumnal tone, the sear and yellow leaf of Titian's landscape compositions."

It is from the Orleans Collection, measures five feet five inches high by four feet one inch wide, and belongs to the National Gallery

FERDINAND BOL.

DUTCH LADY WITH FRUIT.

The best works of the Dutch masters are much esteemed by the world, though it must be confessed that most artists, who follow the grand or historic style, look upon them as productions unworthy of ranking with efforts of true genius. Fuseli sees no merit among the painters of the States save in Rembrandt alone. "If ever he had a master," says the professor of painting, "he had no followers: Holland was not made to comprehend his power. The succeeding school of colourists were content to tip the cottage, the hamlet, the boor, the ale-pot, the shambles and the haze of winter with orient hues, or the glow of setting summer suns." Notwithstanding this wild fulmination, the artists of that country have interested the hearts of all ranks and of all lands by their fine natural delineations of domestic life, and by their lively images of household comfort and fireside love. They have offended Fuseli and other teachers of the grand style, not only by embalming in exquisite and lasting colours common and unpoetic pursuits, but by their neglect of the scientific principles of historic art—the bounding line of the human figure, and

the harmonious union of all its parts. Those who dislike the masters of the Dutch school must mean that they are averse to any representation of ordinary nature, for they cannot surely desire to see the academic rules of beauty employed on those homelier subjects which their brethren have so frequently embodied. The followers of Rembrandt seem to have imitated him less than they did common life. Though not ignorant of scientific rules of beauty and proportion, they went out with their pallettes among the hamlets and cottages of the land and took nature as they found it. A cottage in which an old woman sat spinning; or trimmed her evening fire; or prepared her frugal meal, was to them at once a subject and an academy; and the limit of their ambition was to transfer it to canvass in perfect reality and truth. That they were right no one can doubt who knows how wide the range of art is; for painting, like poetry, has many classes, all capable of seizing the feelings of mankind. So far then from insulting, like Fuseli, the painters of domestic happiness and household thrift, we ought to be pleased that artists are found who turn to such themes from matters stern and tragic, and produce humble but not unlovely things to please such hearts as care not to be moved alone by poetic grandeur, or dazzled by historic magnificence.

Those who look carefully at the works of the masters of the Dutch school, will see the peculiar character and manners of the people stamped on

every picture. Their portraits are not merely well-dressed images of the listless and the idle, nor their household groups bevies of men and women sitting in attitude, all looking carefully towards the point of light, like people anxious about their portraits :— they are always employed ; every one is doing something that requires to be done, and doing it neatly and gracefully. A Dutch painter would feel as much ashamed to represent the ladies of the land idle, as they would to be caught slumbering over their knitting or their embroidery. Hence in all the pictures of the States there is no idleness ; the women are busied generally in some becoming office, and the men are either at work or the wine cup ; they keep moving. They have no men sitting and neither working nor thinking, like some of our island portraits ; nor have they such a thing as a pattern-lady—on whose fine shape dress-makers display their costliest silks and rarest fashions.

The picture of the Dutch Lady with fruit, which has led us into this way of thinking, forms no exception to our remarks. The whole has the image of honest and thrifty Holland upon it : she is fair and comely ; her dress is neat, with some small leaning towards display ; she moves with ease, like one at her own threshold, and bears a rich basket full of ripe fruit, which she probably intends to place before her husband and some honoured guests. At all events the lady is well to do in the world,

nor unconscious that neatness and elegance are acceptable things even to a husband. Her rich head gear and party-coloured gown fastened with embroidered bands, speak of argosies, and her looks full of good nature and affection are assurances of domestic love and fireside happiness. This we think a very good way of painting portraits, and we ought to thank Holland for the example. The likenesses of many of our ladies in the exhibitions seem, like the dame in Hogarth, as much inclined to sport with the marriage ring as to busy themselves with thrift and economy.

Of Ferdinand Bol, who painted this young Dutch matron, not much is known in this country. "He was born," says Pilkington, "at Dort in 1611; educated at Amsterdam, and placed as a disciple in the school of Rembrandt." There he soon distinguished himself in history and portrait; and more particularly for works which, like the one before us, embodied something of domestic character. He studied Rembrandt's style, and imitated it with success; but his genius was of a milder mood than that of his great master, and his affections dwelt much with the sweet and the graceful. "He painted his portraits," continues the same authority, "in a free, bold, manner, but not with that clearness of flesh and remarkable relievo by which his master was rendered deservedly famous: his colouring had frequently too great a tinge of brown in the carnations; though notwithstanding that particularity,

his portraits had a great look of life and nature." The way he employed his characters gave much of the look of life and nature, which his biographer perceived. Though his colouring was nothing like so vivid as that of Rembrandt, this is less seen in engraving—which obscures defects of that nature, while it preserves sentiment and expression.

In Bol's historic compositions, the defects of his school are sufficiently visible : he had truth, nature and expression for the humbler incidents of life, but he was deficient in grandeur of style and accuracy of outline. In the Council Chamber of Dort there is a large picture by him, of which the subject is the Appointment of the Seventy Elders in the Camp of the Israelites ; also one of Moses breaking the Tables of Stone ; both well designed and well executed ; likewise in the Chamber of the Burgomasters there is a picture of his representing Fabricius in the presence of Pyrrhus, which is much admired. " In some of his designs," says Pilkington, " we see a great deal of correctness, with easy and natural attitudes ; but in others—perhaps from negligence—the outline of his figures is defective, and the air is not delicate." In truth he had little academic elegance or feeling for the heroic order of beauty about him ; his eye never passed the limits of Holland ; he took nature as he found her, and loved her in spite of her Dutch dress and provincial manners ; nor did he seem to desire greater fame than the successful delineation of her

charms brought him. Nature exalted by poetry and refined by science he did not appear to know or to care about. He lived in his native land to the age of seventy years, and died respected for his talents and probity.

This fine domestic picture is in the keeping of Robert Ludgate, Esq., from whose collection we have the promise of other rare works of equal or superior beauty. It is our wish to show what varied treasures of art our country possesses, we give engravings of a large size and of a quality which the age demands, and all from the best works of the best masters.

Gainsborough.

W. B. Smith

GAINSBOROUGH.

LANDSCAPE.

The fine landscape from which our engraving is made, belongs to Robert Vernon, Esq. who kindly allowed it to be copied for the Cabinet Gallery of Pictures; those who wish to see with what success the graver has done his task should look at the original, now in the winter exhibition in the Suffolk Street Gallery, where, amid many noble works of the English masters, it sustains the high character of Gainsborough.

The scene, like all the works of the painter, is truly English, and is said to belong to Suffolk; the season seems to be summer, and the time of the day nigh sunset. Some peasants who have been at market with the produce of their farm, are on their way home with the empty waggon, drawn by four horses. They are evidently hurrying back, and have all three been riding, though one of them is now on foot guiding the horses; and on looking at the spot where the halt has taken place, we cannot but feel that his precaution is necessary. The road in which they are journeying descends suddenly in a sort of abrupt and winding line into a deep and wooded dell, down which a clear broad

brook seems scarcely moving, while over the stream a bridge has been constructed by rustic hands for foot passengers. The horses, weary and warm with their sultry journey, gladly halt in the ford to drink; the waggoner leans over the rail of the bridge, and with suspended whip seems to admonish his horses, the foremost of which turns its head up the brook and drinks of the purest, while the second, glad to get water on any terms, takes it where it is readiest; the other horses stand impatient to be in the stream. The waggoner's watchful attitude shows that it requires care to prevent an upset, for the bank is precipitous and the way difficult.

Such are the central features of the scene; elsewhere the landscape is remarkably picturesque. On the left the ground rises rugged and abrupt, with trees growing down to the side of the stream; while on the right the reliques of a majestic oak hang gnarled and hollow over the road, which passes on to the ford. This old desolate tree is a sight well worth going into Suffolk to look at. It had grown up to immense size, watered at the root by a deep stream, and seeking its sustenance far and wide in the loamy bank; beneath its boughs wild deer in other days had ran, when the outlaw drew his arrow, but now hollow and branchless, it is but the ruin of of what it was, and the sun going down behind it holds it out to our contemplation as a subject whereon to moralize. What we have described would in the opinion of almost any other painter

have formed landscape enough; but Gainsborough felt that he had still another attraction to lend to the scene—one indeed which it required. The upper part of the wood is tenanted by a horde of gypsies; their asses are grazing among the glades; the party-coloured coverings of their wandering camp are visible among the shafts of the trees, and a thin and scarcely distinguished smoke curls slowly away amid the boughs of the forest. This is one of the painter's marks to indicate great natural beauty of scene; he knew that the taste of that roving people was, as far as regarded a feeling for the charms of external nature, essentially poetic. If a lovely spot lies within seven miles of their line of march, there will they fix their tents and make their abode for the night; were landscape painters to follow their footsteps, and paint the scenes in which they establish themselves—they could not fail to produce a series of fine poetic compositions. All that we have to add to this imperfect description of a very fine landscape is, that it is an example of the vigour of conception and harmony of colouring, as well as of the natural truth and splendor, which distinguish the best paintings of this favourite master.

Fuseli, in his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, indulges in some ironical remarks on the fame which Gainsborough acquired, and on the character which the biographer bestowed on his compositions. But with all his genius, the

Swiss had a very peculiar and limited taste—it took in the grand and the sublime, and admitted little else; for pictures embodying humble scenes from life or nature he had no sympathy; of the lights of heaven he admired but the sun, and of the flowers of the garden he loved but the rose. There are other lights worthy of our admiration, and other flowers deserving to be loved; and the man who can only bestow his affection on what is lofty or noble, has not all the taste which belongs to true genius — he resembles Touchstone's egg, which was roasted but on one side. Reynolds, in his discourses, did the justice to Gainsborough which he refused to Wilson: it is likely that he did not feel the poetic sublimity of the latter. At all events he was fully sensible of the natural grace, the great force of colour and fine harmonies of the other. "His excellence," he said, "was his own; the result of his particular observation and taste. For this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish school, nor indeed to any school; for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature; and there are yet a thousand modes of grace which are neither theirs nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers. The peculiarity of his manner, or style, or we may call it the language in which he expressed his ideas, has been considered by many as his greatest defect. But without alto-

gether wishing to enter into the discussion whether this peculiarity was a defect or not, intermixed as it was with great beauties, of some of which it was probably the cause, it becomes a proper subject of criticism and enquiry to a painter. It is certain that all those odd scratches and marks, which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design—this chaos—this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places; so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence."

The landscapes of Gainsborough obtained merited fame in the days of the artist, and in this he was happier than his great cotemporary Wilson. For this reasons may readily be given. His pictures unite the lower with the higher qualities of landscape, and speak to common, as well as to uncommon, minds. They have great natural force and truth, and are doubly interesting by the human life with which he has inspired them. In this union of man with the land which belonged to him, lay the strong charm of Gainsborough. By these means he endowed the still and barren landscape with a spirit, and gave it a tongue with which it addressed the spectator, and moved his heart while he pleased his eye. There are groups in the land-

scapes of this painter which have all the tenderness and pathos of Burns. On his young children he has impressed health and joyousness amid all their rags and privations; but when he paints a cottage girl or boy sixteen years old or so, he considers that their eyes are opened to the hard lot which is their inheritance, and he stamps a gathering sadness on their brows which accords with the rude cottage, the scanty flocks and the marks of privation around. To Wilson, human beings were as nothing; with Gainsborough every thing.

WILLIAM VANDERVELDE.

A BRISK GALE.

Four painters of the name of Vandervelde rose to distinction among the artists of Holland. Adrian painted landscape, animals, and history; Esaias, battle-pieces and landscape; William, the elder, sea scenes and sea fights; and his son, William, the younger, storms, calms, and battles. To the latter we owe, among many noble pieces, the "Brisk Gale," of which we give a very clever engraving. William, the younger, was born at Amsterdam in the year 1633; and as his father was patronized in England by the two last of the Stuarts, he came over to try his fortune as a marine painter among the best maritime warriors, and the worst maritime artists, in the world. Nature had united with study to ensure his success in this line; he had a fine eye for the picturesque, a ready power of combination, and a taste which was inherited rather than acquired. His instruction too in his art had commenced early; his father directed for a time his eye and his hand, and Simon de Vleiger, a painter skilful in the representation of shipping and shores, impressed upon him the beauty, as well as necessity, of accuracy and neatness. Besides all this, he studied a little

in a school of his own. It was his practice, we are informed, to roam about the shores of Holland, watching the going or returning sails of vessels of war or merchandize : nay, he oftentimes made excursions in sloops or in boats, sketching all the while the changing aspect of the sea under the influence of the sun or the wind. This mode of study enabled him to communicate that natural hue and look of reality to his works, which all works must have that are intended for hereafter.

This last of the Vanderveldes had risen to eminence as an artist in his native country before he removed to England; here his genius was not only admired, but rarer still, rewarded. The beauty and truth, and harmonious unity of his maritime pictures, were felt at once. So naturally did he agitate the water, and so gracefully did he construct and move his ships, that he obtained the immediate patronage of King Charles, the Duke of York, and the chief nobility. It must however be remembered, that Charles was a naval architect of great talent; that James was one of our ablest admirals; and that our nobility at that period had a love for maritime adventures, which has subsided in their descendants. Though all this was in favour of marine painting, it was also in favour of the truth and beauty of the delineations, for none but a skilful and accomplished artist might hope for success in the sight of men who were judges of naval architecture, and acquainted with the looks of the sea, and of ships

under sail. To such eminence did Vandervelde rise in England, that his pictures painted before he left Holland were eagerly sought after by Englishmen, and purchased at large prices; this accounts for the rarity of his compositions in his native land and their abundance here. One of his pictures, representing a calm, and another a ship of war encountered by a fire ship, are accounted master-pieces. He was skilful in all maritime matters; his ships are looked upon as models of beauty, and the ease with which they glide through the water has been remarked by mariners. It seems alike to him to delineate the sea in a sort of slumbering tranquillity; or when

> "The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam
> Uplashed by angry gusts, fills all the air."

In depicting the fleets of rival nations contending for naval empire on the sea, he was still at his ease and ever natural, animated and elegant. "The paintings of this master," says Pilkington, "have in every respect such a degree of perfection as is not to be discovered in the productions of any other artist. And whether we consider the beauty of his design, the correctness of his drawing, the graceful figures and positions of his vessels, the elegance of his disposition, the lightness of his clouds, the clearness and variety of his serene skies, as well as the gloomy horror of those that are stormy, the liveliness and transparency of his

colouring, the look of genuine nature that appears in his agitated or still waters, and the lovely gradation of his distances, as well as their perspective truth, we know not what principally to admire; they are all executed with equal nature, judgment, and genius—they all are worthy of our highest commendation—they are truly inimitable." He died in 1707, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. The picture from which our engraving is copied, under the care of Mr. Hofland, is the property of N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq. and is valued by the skilful in such compositions at five hundred guineas.

Since the days of the younger Vandervelde our island school has produced many noble maritime paintings by artists, dead and living; but though we have pictures uniting sea and land of surpassing beauty, we have few or none which show the evolutions of ships of war, or the agitation or vicissitudes of battle in a way much to our liking. Few or none of our painters are well acquainted with maritime affairs, or at least they have not gone down to the sea when the contest was fierce and bloody, as the elder Vandervelde did, when he made his sketches of the memorable fight of three days duration between Monk and de Ruyter. The naval battles which we fight on canvas are generally failures; a cloud of rolling smoke, with a few sharp sticks rising through it, a tattered flag hanging overboard, and a seaman or two drowning, are the usual materials of such compositions. The real battle

forms a sterner and nobler picture. Though some of the most heroic and daring actions in the history of the world have been performed by Blake, Monk, Nelson, and other of our mariners, and though painters, with and without name, have laboured to communicate to canvas a lively image of their deeds, we have obtained nothing worthy of our fame as a nation. Poets have sung and Chroniclers have told of our actions at sea in inspired and picturesque language; Campbell in verse and Southey in prose, have commemorated, in words not likely to be forgotten, the fortunes of Nelson and his comrades; but in painting, though nobles have desired and kings commanded, we are still sadly deficient. There is probably something in the monotony of groves of masts, volcanoes of smoke, tiers of volleying guns, and far extended expanses of water, which alarms or deadens the fancy of artists, and interposes between them and that freedom of distribution and handling allowed in works of genius. We know not how this may be, but we know that no one has delineated any of our late maritime victories in a way either natural or poetic. The "untillable and barren deep" has itself been painted, and that with fine effect; but no one has shown in truth and in beauty Britannia in all her glory,—when

> "Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep."

Our naval pictures seem more the offspring of

other pictures than of original remark and conception; as there are artists who sit in London and delineate mountains and towers and streams in Circassia and Cœlo-Syria, so there are others who behold only in fancy "the wonders of the Lord on the deep," or are content to see through the eyes of their elder brethren of art; and hence all this coldness and tameness in our national pictures of battles fought for the dominion of the sea.

VANDYKE.

HENRIETTA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I.

"VANDYKE," says Walpole, "imbibed so deeply the tints of Titian, that he is allowed to approach nearer to the carnations of that master even than Rubens. Sir Anthony had more delicacy than the latter; but like him never reached the grace and the dignity of the antique. He seldom or ever arrived at beauty; his Madonnas are homely; his ladies so little flattered that one is surprized he had so much custom; he has left us to wonder that the famous Countess of Carlisle could be thought so charming; and had not Waller been a better painter, Sacharissa would make little impression now." The truth of his delineations, mental and bodily, was one of the many charms of Vandyke; he considered it his duty perhaps to represent woman as he found her, and was satisfied with showing Sacharissa in her natural lineaments and unaffected hues, without seeking to paint up to the splendid flatteries of Waller. As true beauty cannot be encreased any more than the lily can be dyed in fairer hues, all the ladies who had loveliness on their side were safe with the painter, they ap-

peared on the canvas as they looked in life,—while those inferior in beauty could hope no supplemental charms from a pencil which either would not or could not flatter. We may consider the fine portrait, of which the engraving is a faithful copy, as a true record of the looks and air of a queen whose charms exercised perhaps too much influence over a monarch, whom all lovers of art and literature must admire for his taste and liberality.

When this portrait was painted Henrietta was young, her beauty and her levity brought around her the thoughtless and the giddy; her foreign manners and influence with Charles displeased the sedate and the wise; while her open fondness for the Catholic religion alarmed the Puritans, then a brave and a numerous sect. In spite however of all the private levities of the palace, it cannot be denied that the external decorum and outward decencies of life were maintained at court. The King had fine taste both in painting and in poetry, and loved to converse with learned men, or to walk in his magnificent galleries and look on the works of genius, now for the first time collected under the roof of an English prince. The Queen too, at times, attended by her trains of ladies, would follow the King, and look at some new Rubens or Raphael, or in her own apartments listen to the music of voice and instrument, or sit an hour for one of those many portraits which we owe to the pencil of Vandyke. The time soon came when all those

pageantries were to be dissolved like the visions of a morning dream; the Commons asked much, the King would concede little, and that war commenced which promised more for liberty than it performed. When this portrait was taken neither sorrow nor suspicion had stained her looks or her name, and it must be confessed that she seems beautiful and blameless. Her dark tresses, and her bright and pure face, form one of those fine contrasts frequent in nature yet difficult to paint; while her blue silken dress and her snowy bosom are redeemed from a charge of coldness by the ease and truth with which both are represented; contrasts which are not chilly in nature will not look freezing in painting, if the artist has the skill to manage his colours wisely. Nature abounds in, nay, loves such violent contrasts; the bright white bloom and the dark green leaf on a blossomed pear-tree are in the truest harmony; so are the clear piercing stars in the dark blue firmament; in truth, the varied hues of universal nature unite in one harmonious combination though the colours are strong and even violent in their opposition.

Female portrait painting in England cannot be said to have improved much since the days of Vandyke. The ladies of Reynolds are cold and clever; those of Lawrence have too much of fashion and too little of simplicity. As men feel so do they paint; Sir Joshua looked on woman not as a matter to reverence and to love, but as a commodity

with strong light and shade, on which he could lay out his colours so as to surprize and astonish; Sir Thomas regarded her as something which he had to endow with all the attractions fit to captivate in a ball-room or a court; he heightened the hues, he corrected the bounding lines, and communicated to the eyes that eloquence bestowed by the girdle of the Goddess,

Which from the wisest wins their best resolves.

Reynolds acted upon the precept of Mudge, that beauty is a medium; his women are splendid works of art; we admire their exquisite colour and true harmony of parts. Lawrence imagined that women should always look as if music and poetry had united to give a diviner colour to their cheeks and more captivating light to their eyes.

The portrait which has called forth these remarks is a very masterly one, and the property of Robert Vernon, Esq. who has kindly allowed it to be engraved for this work.

F. J. Havell.

A FARM YARD.

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TENIERS.

THE FARM YARD.

The Farm Yard of Teniers is one of those pictures which never fail to recall images of rustic industry and rural comfort to the most careless observer. The economy of the stackyard, the management of the barn, the care which cows require, and the stable demands; together with the management of sheep, pigs and poultry, and various other matters on which the heads and hands of an opulent farmer's establishment employ themselves from light to dark, are all of that kind on which fashion has little influence, for they are of nature, and cannot be changed. It is that which makes most of the pictures of this eminent artist look like creations of yesterday. The work of a farmer goes hand in hand with nature; changing but with the change of seasons, it is therefore ever the same, or seemingly so: in truth the scene before us, though painted two hundred years ago, looks as English or as Scotch as a painting can look; and were it not for some slight nationality in the costume of the cowherd and the sheepboy, it might pass with the multitude for an image all our own. The whole is in perfect keeping—all is farm-like. Here are houses for the

accommodation of the farmer and the protection of his cattle: a maiden has filled her pitcher, and is looking round to a boy—her master's son, perhaps,—who, weary and thirsty with bringing his little flock of sheep from their distant pasture, desires to taste the water, which, as the length of the line in her hand indicates, has been drawn out of a deep well. She is looking complacently on the boy, and it is plain she will indulge him, though pots and porringers are there requiring her purifying hand. The cows—three very fine ones—have just been brought home by a careful herdsman: beside one of them a milkmaid has taken her seat, and whilst baring her hands for their task the cowherd leans over his staff beside her, and seems to be telling her on what fine grassy banks his herd have fed, and how pleased they must be to yield their milk to the agreeable pressure of her long white fingers. His dog looks the same way with its master, as all trained dogs do: a hind makes his appearance with a wicker hamper, containing perhaps the evening meal of the cows, and the whole establishment seems in the full enjoyment of the hour of sunset, when the latest note of the bird is in the air and the dews begin to fall.

A little cottage with its quota of peasants at the door stands on the other side of a quiet stream: the spire of the parish church rises among the distant trees, while the lofty gable of a peel or fortalice close to the farmer's hall, speaks of protection

afforded not lately, but of old; at least so we interpret the absence of smoke from the chimney head, and the bare and snaggy top of a dead tree, showing like the horns of a deer, between the houses of the husbandman and warrior. The quiet beauty and rustic composure about the whole scene indicate happiness and plenty. The original is in the possession of Mrs. West, and was lately under the eye of the public at the British Institution.

Of the eminent artist who painted it much is known, for he lived near our own times, and was so acceptable to the world in his works, that his pictures found their way into almost every gallery in Europe. It is true that some artists, and Lawrence amongst them, excluded his sketches from their collections, and refused to rank him with those distinguished men whom academies consented to call "The Masters." But, as Pope said of his Homer in comparison to that of Tickell, if he had not the court he had the mob on his side. The honours withheld from him by professors had no influence on the world, and his name stands deservedly high with all who admire original talent and variety of character. He may be safely classed with those who have contributed largely to the amusement, nay, the happiness of mankind.

David Teniers was born at Antwerp in the year 1610, and received instructions in drawing and colouring from his father, an artist of some note, who is said to have invented that natural and

vigorous style of painting in which his son afterwards excelled. He studied also under Adrian Brouwer, and had the advantage of the precepts and example of Rubens. His style was new; his conceptions were opposed to those ideas called historical, and it was so long before his merit was regarded, that he had to travel to Brussels to dispose of his works among judges who know no rule but nature's, and had the mortification to see the works of artists now forgotten, purchased with avidity, and at high prices. It happened that the Archduke Leopold saw one of his pictures; he requested to see more, and was so struck with the originality every where visible, that he not only promoted the interests of the painter in all matters connected with art, but made him gentleman of his bed-chamber, and bestowed upon him the care of his fine gallery of paintings.

The fame of his works soon flew over Europe; the King of Spain admired them so much that he invited Teniers into his service, employed him for several years, and ordered a gallery to be built expressly for the purpose of exhibiting his paintings. Don John, of Austria, likewise patronized him; nor were his merits unfelt by Christina, Queen of Sweden, who gave him, among other marks of favour, a chain of gold, with her portrait set in diamonds. This lavish patronage arose from the originality, truth, and vigour, of his performances; and from the subjects which he selected being fami-

liar to all ages, and adapted to the comprehension of all capacities. "He studied nature," says Pilkington, "in every shape, with a most curious and critical observation; and as he generally composed his subjects from persons in low stations, he accustomed himself to frequent their meetings at feasts, sports, and pastimes; and by that means had an opportunity of remarking the simplicity of their manners, and the various actions, attitudes, characters, and passions of every age or sex." From the lowest and most barren topics he could extract the richest materials for his productions; and in scenes where other artists saw nothing but vulgar riot and coarse debauchery, he perceived unlimited humour, boundless fun, and inextinguishable merriment.

His study was mankind, and his scene of action the world around him. He sometimes more than approached the gross; he loved indeed to delineate the tipsy termination of a wedding or a fair, in a manner free and vivid; his pictures of drunken gravity, intoxicated fury, boisterous merriment, or social and sedate glee, are all to the life, and quite unequalled in their way. He has been accused of making his figures short and clumsy; he cared little for the elegance of his figures; in truth, much of the character which he desired to depict lay in the squat shapes and ludicrous proportions of his rustics; academic forms, and the graces of outline, would have been wasted on such clods of the

valley—nay, would have lessened the jollity and rustic conviviality of his groups. Had he changed his Dutch-built boors into tipsy Adonises, he would have quenched all mirth, and extinguished all humour.

" Teniers," says Pilkington, " had a ready and lively invention, and was full as ready to execute as to invent; he made nature his model perpetually, and imitated it with astonishing exactness and truth. His pencil is free and delicate; the touching of his trees is light and firm; his skies are admirable; and though not very much varied, are clear and brilliant. His pictures are generally clear in all their parts, with a beautiful transparence, and it is observed of him that he possessed the art of relieving his lights by other lights without employing deep shadows, and yet produced the unlimited effect in a surprising manner." He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age; and his works are in all British collections save the National Gallery.

SALVATOR ROSA.

LANDSCAPE.

The merits of Salvator Rosa are of a high order; his works have all a bold, free, and poetic character; they are original, and shew among ordinary landscapes like thistles in beds of lilies, or a ruined tower in the midst of a flower-knot. He is like no one, and no one is like him; few have the poetic elevation of soul to equal

"What savage Rosa dashed;"

and our professors usually warn their pupils against imitating one whose works they hardly consider as ranking with the more regular and scientific compositions of the academies. His history is brief and instructive. He was born at Naples in 1614, and received instructions in drawing and colour from his kinsman, Francesco Francanzano. The too early death of his father exposed him when young to many hardships; to obtain subsistence he was obliged to make sketches on paper, and sell them, it is said, in the public streets, to such purchasers as charity or accident sent. Some of these designs, together with a picture of Hagar and Ishmael, so

affected Lanfranc the painter, that he sought Salvator out, encouraged and aided him, and procured his admission to study in the school of Spagnoletto. The works of that eminent master, together with the battle scenes of Falcone, had some influence upon his mode of grouping and style of handling. His mind expanded with his fortune; he soon distinguished himself by daring conceptions, bold freedom of hand, and gloomy splendour of colouring. His soul naturally delighted in scenes of savage magnificence and ruined grandeur; his spirit loved to stray in lonely glens, and gaze on mouldering castles. The bloom of summer, the ripe abundance of autumn, or the chearful fires and merry pastimes of winter had no charms for him; he kindled his summer clouds with lightning, he sent firebrands and whirlwinds among the standing corn, and brought winter famished and gaunt from the north, scattering snow and hail among the shivering children of man.

It is in this light that Lanzi views him when he says "savage scenery, Alps, broken rocks and caves, wild thickets, and desert plains, are the kind of landscapes in which he chiefly delighted; his trees are shattered, torn, and dishevelled, and in the atmosphere itself he seldom introduced a cheerful hue, except occasionally a solitary sun-beam. He observed the same manner too in his sea views. His style was original, and may be said to have been conducted on a principle of savage beauty, as

the palate of some persons is gratified with austere wines. His pictures too were rendered more acceptable from the small figures of shepherds, mariners, or banditti, which he has introduced in almost all his compositions, and he was reproached by his rivals with having continually repeated the same ideas, and in a manner copied himself." That Rosa was accused of imitating himself is less to be wondered at, than at the charge which has been urged against him, that he borrowed most of his excellence from Spagnoletto and Caravaggio. An artist so decidedly original in conception, and handling, could only be compared with himself,

"None but himself could be his parallel."

And with respect to his imitation of other masters, there is no doubt that he profited by contemplating the strong natural style and dark colouring of his predecessors; but his ideas are all of a different order, and his scenes are his own. To a man of his strong genius imitation was far more difficult than original composition; his spirit was too buoyant to work in fetters. His genius was indeed comprehensive, and perhaps more strictly poetic than that of most painters. In contemplating a scene he seemed to see only those strong and leading points which a poet would select for song. His pictures are perhaps less difficult to describe than any other works of art; there is an allusion or a story in all he touches upon; the stormy beauties of his land-

scapes are generally united with human actions; for the wildest scenes he finds deeds equally wild; the storm in the sky is matched by the tempest of human passion on the earth; the roughest rock he delineates is scarcely more rugged than its rude inhabitant, who, with pistols in his belt, his hand on a sword, and his ears open to all sounds, stands ready for deeds of violence.

The genuine works of this great master are exceedingly rare, and of course valuable. A few of them are in the galleries of our British nobility; the fine picture from which the landscape before us is engraved is in the very select collection of Robert Ludgate, Esq. and like all the other productions of Salvator, it mingles human action with the stern magnificence of nature. At the base of hills, rising rugged, abrupt, and blue, to a great height, lies a smooth quiet lake, on the bosom of which the sun throws the outline of the neighbouring hills, and the shadows of a group of men and women, who are enjoying the secluded beauty of the scene, or preparing to bathe. On the other side two figures are seated on the ground, one old, the other young, and their image is expressed in the two trees behind them—one green and luxuriant, the other faded, decayed, and broken. The ruins of a castle intimate that the vale was once permanently peopled, while the presence of travellers in the distance marks it as an object of curiosity. The colouring is what Byron calls "darkly bright," and the whole scene

strikes the fancy—a merit which distinguishes in a great degree all the works of this master.

Though Rosa chiefly painted landscape, he was equally eminent for battle scenes and storms at sea; he knew the passions and feelings of human nature, and loved to introduce them in his compositions. He did not look upon inanimate nature, however magnificent, as all that was worthy of his pencil; earth he was aware had its inhabitants, and he accordingly peopled the rock and the ruin, the wilderness and the cavern. "He composed all his subjects," says Pilkington, "in a grand taste, and was singularly correct in his design; but he principally delighted in landscape, which he always enriched with elegant figures, representing some memorable incident related by the Roman, Grecian, or fabulous historians. The style in which he painted was formed by his own elevated genius, nor was he indebted to any preceding artist for any of his ideas, or for any traces of the manner which he always follows." Among his chief compositions we may mention the Regulus, in the Colonna palace; Saul and the Witch of Endor, at Versailles; a Martyrdom of Saints, at Rome; the Purgatory, in Milan; and the Cataline, in Florence.

He left his native Naples in the twentieth year, and established himself at Rome, where he lived to the age of sixty. "His remains," says Lanzi, "were placed in the church degli Angeli, with his portrait and eulogy; and another portrait of him

is to be seen in the Chigi Gallery, which does not seem to have been recognized by Pascoli; the picture represents a savage scene; a poet appears in a sitting attitude, the features are those of Salvator." Though another interpreter says this is the god Pan inspiring the poet Pindar, we must not rashly allow an ingenious solution to overturn the testimony of Lanzi, or to rob the painter of the honour of the allusion. He had a right to appear in the character of a poet, for he was a sharp satirist and writer of songs, which he took pleasure in singing. He was likewise a musician, a humourist, a dealer in those dubious sort of jokes called practical, and such an admirer of liberty, that he declined serving any of the princes of the earth. In painting he has had many followers abroad; the most successful of his imitators here was Mortimer, who, with much of his master's peculiar wildness of fancy, wanted his command of colour to give force and brilliancy to his conceptions.

N. Poussin.

Charles Marr.

CEPHALUS AND AURORA.

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N. POUSSIN.

CEPHALUS AND AURORA.

We have already endeavoured to describe

"What savage Rosa dashed,"

we must now try to delineate what

"Learned Poussin drew."

But the pen is an imperfect interpreter of the heavenly hues and divine forms of the painter; in truth, art is employed in accomplishing what words cannot perform. Poussin is a learned artist; his knowledge comes frequently to the aid of his designs, and he loves so much the gods and goddesses of Greece, that he has been accused of oppressing his landscapes with mythology. Without denying that he is more learned sometimes than what seems necessary, we may, without much fear of contradiction assert, that his genius triumphs over his knowledge, and that in all his best pictures nature is the ruling power. We remember his picture of Polyphemus piping on a mountain to his flocks, scattered along the acclivity; the blind giant is seated on the summit; the sound of his pipe seems to soothe him; his herds are not unconscious of the melody, and the whole scene is at once mournful and pleasant. Other men paint

ogres, Poussin alone has painted a giant; there is no vulgar exaggeration, all is elegant and beautiful. He was indeed a great master; his imagination equalled his other powers.

The Cephalus and Aurora is a good specimen of this accomplished artist. It is small in dimensions, and was bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Cholmondeley. Other painters have delineated on ceilings Aurora carrying her lover through the air; Poussin desired to add sentiment, and pictured them on the ground, awakened by the morning light. Reflection appears to have come to Cephalus with the dawn; thoughts of Procris rush upon his fancy; he turns from the goddess, who with arms around him endeavours by gentle force, and probably pleasant words, to hinder his departure. He regards neither her looks, which diffuse gladness and light on all things else, nor the sly industry of an intriguing cupid, who is spreading the couch for Aurora; but fixes his eyes ruefully on the portrait of his wife, held up to him by an urchin god, who may be supposed to represent domestic love. The winged steed of the morning is at hand; a fountain deity slumbers over his urn unconscious of what is doing beside him, and a nymph starts from her couch, and gazes dazzled on the brightening sky. The atmosphere is glistening and dewy; and the sides of the figures and trees which stand towards the east are touched with the hues of day.

"The colouring of this picture," Ottley says, "is

feeble, nor is it in other respects in the artist's best manner. Still there are parts of it of considerable merit, especially the head of Aurora, which is very beautiful. We wish the old freezing river god had been placed farther from the principal group, or entirely omitted." The river god we think aids the imagination, and carries the mind back to the days of the legend; we are not at all disposed to dispute the taste of Aurora in spreading her couch by the side of a romantic stream. The chief blemish in the composition is the conceit of the cupid shewing Cephalus the portrait of his wife in order to recall him to his allegiance. The contrivance is an awkward one, and can only be justified on the principle that the painter intended the image of Procris to be presented to the mind rather than the eye. He is however looking stedfastly upon it, and more than seems disposed to go. Hazlitt perceived "life of mind and great dexterity of invention" in all the works of Poussin.

It was the practice of painters, English as well as Italian, to indulge in mythology; and the walls and ceilings of our principal mansions and palaces still glow with the acts and deeds of the old dwellers on Olympus. The fine genius and equally fine colours of Titian, were employed in recording the amours of the gods; some of the best of these compositions may be seen at Blenheim; taste is now alike pleased and offended in contemplating them, but the taste of his times was tolerant; the Italian patrons of the

muse of art desired to see flesh and blood in preference to satin and velvet. It is one of the charges which foreign nations bring against us that we have no conception what the austere majesty of naked beauty is, and are weak enough to fear for virtue if our statues are undressed, and the figures in our historic pictures without cloak or mantle. We are perhaps a little too rigid in this matter; but we cannot help feeling that our countrymen are right to a certain extent. The Apollo is naked, yet few are ashamed to look on that most god-like of all statues; the feeling would be different, we believe, were the naked statue of any of our heroes of the last Gazette to be set up in a public place; the divinity of the first raises it out of the low region of qualms and scruples—looking on him we think of heaven; looking on the statue of a mere man, we think of earth and become fastidious, as if we dreaded to be seen in fallible company. The decorum of dress is generally well maintained by Poussin; he takes the medium course, and pleases many and offends few.

Sir J. Reynolds. E. Smith.

MRS. SIDDONS.

AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.

London Published Feb.y 1.1833 by John Major, 50 Fleet Street.

REYNOLDS.

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.

This picture is one of the best of those numerous compositions which unite the dignity of the historic style with the visible truth and individual accuracy of living life. In the production of such a work imagination must unite with skill in portraiture; a natural grace of form and fitness of expression are required in the person whom art has thus to raise into the regions of fancy; and no one ever united those qualities more happily than did Mrs. Siddons: her majestic person and grandeur of soul may be hoped for again on the stage, or in painters' studies, but cannot surely be expected. Of the same character as this noble picture, is the Kemble as Hamlet, by Lawrence; we must not however shut our eyes to the circumstance that the eminent sister and brother having forms and looks of the heroic order, their painters had little more to do than make a fine transcript of what they saw before them. The success of the artist, therefore, depended mainly on the fine looks and dignified expression of his sitters; with a less noble countenance Reynolds would not have had the like luck; half of the fame of the picture belongs of right to the actress; nor can it on that

account ever have the high reputation it would have enjoyed had it sprung wholly from fancy and been called simply the Tragic Muse.

It is however in this class of half imaginary and half portrait pictures that some of the finest works of the English school are to be found. In this way Romney produced his Cassandras, Circes, and Mirandas; Lawrence too made history borrow looks from living life; but no one equalled Sir Joshua himself in managing and modifying the countenances of the young and the beautiful, so as to pass for Mercurys, Pucks, Hebes, and Muses, tragic or comic. This circumstance of itself betokens a deficiency of poetic power among the painters of England; the truth is, that no artist of a very high order of imagination has yet been produced in our schools; they have too little of that almost divine faculty of shaping their pictures in air, and commanding the splendid visions to abide till they invest them with form and colour. We have poetic landscapes of a high order; pictures of domestic life, equal or superior to those of any other nation; portraits, particularly those by Reynolds, of great excellence, and works of the same rank as the Tragic Muse worth a prince's ransom; but we have few pictures of the high historic class worthy of the name; we have no Chaucers, Spensers, Shakspeares, or Miltons, in art.

The Tragic Muse, with all its merit, must be regarded therefore as only a better sort of portrait.

Barry scarcely knows in what light to look upon it. "Sir Joshua's portrait," said he, "of Mrs. Siddons, is both for the ideal and the executive the finest picture of the kind perhaps in the world. Indeed, it is something more than a portrait, and may serve to give an excellent idea of what an enthusiastic mind is apt to conceive of those pictures of confined history, for which Apelles was so celebrated by the ancient writers; but this picture of Mrs. Siddons, or the Tragic Muse, was painted not long since, when much of his attention had been turned to history." It was of historic studies that Reynolds complained when he said they cost him too much; his imagination was not so ready in producing shapes and looks as the polite world; and a man who had many young countesses to paint was not likely to put his fancy to the pain of calling up ideal forms. We cannot help thinking that the picture would be improved by the omission of the dark attendants, who seem so ready with the dagger and the bowl. The look of the Tragic Muse is so intensely—so loftily mournful, that the sentiment is rather caricatured than strengthened by the presence of those ministers. We may imagine that "the Tragic Muse" is really waited upon by two such despairing damsels; but we cannot exert the same stretch of fancy for Mrs. Siddons; flesh and blood never keeps company with airy abstractions.

This noble picture was painted in the year 1784, the great actress was then in the prime of youth and

power ; when it was finished Reynolds wrought his name in the border of the robe, subduing it down at the same time, so that it might seem at a distance a mere piece of ornamental embroidery. He valued it, we are informed by Northcote, at a thousand guineas, yet sold it, according to Hazlitt, " for two or three hundred pounds, to a Mr. Calonne." From the first proprietor, who was a large purchaser of British pictures, it passed to Mr. Desenfans, then into the hands of Mr. William Smith, Member of Parliament for Norwich, and finally, found a resting place in the Grosvenor Gallery, at an expense of £1760. It has been five times sold, and always at an advance of price. " While it was in the possession of Mr. Desenfans," says Hazlitt, " a copy was taken of it by a pupil of Sir Joshua's, of the name of Score, which is now in the Dulwich Gallery, and which we always took for an original. The size of the original is larger than the copy. There was a dead child painted at the bottom of it, which Sir Joshua afterwards disliked, and he had the canvas doubled upon the frame to hide it. It has been let out again, but we did not observe whether the child was there ; we think it had better not be seen." The critic whom we have quoted was no great admirer of the works of Reynolds, whom he charged with want of imagination and loftiness of sentiment. He says nothing in praise of this truly noble work, and seems insensible to the breadth of style and vigorous harmony of the colouring.

When the admirers of Reynolds talk of his equality with Michael Angelo—and this has been done by Northcote, Lawrence, and others, the Tragic Muse is one of the pictures which they instance as an example. That the eminent Englishman had singular breadth of style and great force of colouring all must acknowledge, but he wanted that strength of imagination which lifts the illustrious Florentine so high into the regions of poetry. The conceptions of Reynolds are almost exclusively allied to portraiture, and when we look on the noblest of his men and the loveliest of his women, we never regard them as other than creatures of flesh and blood, with whom we may converse and associate; the creations of Michael Angelo are of another order; his men and women seem to belong to a higher race of beings than the present inhabitants of the earth; they have the lineaments of the gods, and looks which belong to Olympus. To all this Northcote resolutely shut his eyes when he pronounced the ancient masters "beasts" compared to Sir Joshua; nor was Lawrence less than wilfully blind when he ranked him with the Angelos, the Correggios, and the Raphaels. The former in his admiration remembered his friend and master, and the latter, in extolling the first President of the Academy for his power in portrait, supported his own dignity and productions. Posterity will make a large abatement in such overstrained praise, and yet

leave Sir Joshua at the head of the British school of portrait painting.

We have no desire to lower Reynolds as an artist; we believe these remarks are more in accordance with the sentiments of the country at large than many artists believe. Professional men are apt to entertain opinions regarding the importance of their own pursuits and the collective talent of the brotherhood, in which the world refuses to share; nor was Sir Joshua himself free from the reproach of spreading delusions when he said "I am now clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour and attention." To men of ordinary minds this may apply, but not surely to those who have any imagination or sensibility.

A DUTCH VILLAGE.

JACOB RUYSDAAL.

DUTCH VILLAGE.

Two of the name of Ruysdaal hold places in the history of art; they were Dutchmen and brothers, and painters of landscape. The compositions of Solomon, the elder brother, are cold and dry; his hills and dales want the graceful undulation—his rivers the serpent-like motion, and his atmospheres the mingled airiness and sunshine common to the landscapes of the best masters. The pictures of Jacob Ruysdaal are free from these faults—his scenes are all life and nature; he has sometimes no little grandeur in his delineations, and he is never without a singular transparency of colour.

He was born at Haerlem in the year 1636; his instructor in art is not named, yet it is affirmed by his biographers that before he was twelve years old his productions surprised, by their force and truth, the ablest painters of his native land. He became in his youth intimate with Berchem, and it has been alleged that he caught not a little of his friend's spirit by contemplating his compositions. There is no doubt that the works of the one distinguished painter had an influence on those of the other; good judges

have traced a resemblance not only in their styles, but in their mode of drawing and colouring; at the same time they claim for Ruysdaal a truth and a vigour all his own, and also a certain grandeur which he inherited from nature—a quality far from common in what is called the Dutch school.

Writers are not wanting who account for the varied beauty of Ruysdaal's landscapes—they send him to complete his studies in Italy; in his solemn woods and groves, his romantic hills, foaming cascades, and winding and wooded river banks, they imagine they perceive the presence of Italian scenery. Others give him nature alone for his guide and instructress, and refuse to share the merits of his compositions with any other country than his own. His scenes—the trees, skies, and rivers, of which they are composed, seem all taken from nature; and are said to have been sketched on the spot. The painter loved to wander by the wild wood and the foaming river, and note down the varied aspects of the landscape under the influence of sunshine or rain, according to the character of the season. Laying the foundation of his compositions in the nature around him, he had only to make use of his taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, in giving harmony and elevation to his materials, and this is probably what his biographers have mistaken for Italian study. It was not necessary to travel to Rome to do all this; in truth, his pilgrimage to the Eternal City has no better support than the suspicion that

his ideas of grand and elegant nature could have been found nowhere else, and least of all about Haerlem.

If we look to the picture before us for some of the leading excellencies of Ruysdaal, we shall not be disappointed; truth is the groundwork of all his compositions. His country, after a war in which she triumphed over the most warlike nation in Europe, established her independence, and the States of Holland, from a battle field covered with unburied bones, were become a garden; their ports were filled with ships of war or merchandize, their cities, to use the words of their native writers, were paved with silver, and their walls hung with velvet and cloth of gold, and their husbandmen were happy, industrious and wealthy. The domestic comfort, and fireside happiness of the people, are the chief themes on which the masters of the Dutch school lay out their colours; weddings, fairs, merry-makings, and feasts in public and private, abound; all this is nothing more than a sort of silent rejoicing and dumb thankfulness for their condition among nations.

The "Dutch village" as exhibited by the painter, is a perfect image of repose; the rising sun is calling the humble inmates from their beds; smoke is already rising into the air from the chimneys; doors are opened and opening, and a villager is on his way with his faithful dog to some distant field, where he has a flock to watch or a plough to hold. The houses are scattered about at random—dropt in nature's careless haste, like the poet's knolls; and

though all is rustic and lowly, there is nothing squalid or mean; it is just such a place as one would desire to halt at for a week during a journey, to get acquainted with the wise old men of the land, and see how much worth and virtue can be concealed in such rude abodes.

To the faithfulness of his delineations, and the cheering as well as elevating pictures which he gave of his own country, must be imputed the public esteem and admiration bestowed during his lifetime on Ruysdaal. The blameless life too which the painter led had some share in this; for Holland in those days was of strict morals, and looked for purity and devotion in all her children. In England he is admired for the diversified grounds of his landscapes, the clearness of his skies, and the delicate handling of his trees; every leaf has a distinct touch, and what is equally necessary, the shape and hue of the particular species have not been unattended to. "He shews," says Pilkington, "that he perfectly understood the principles of the chiaro-scuro, and also of perspective; for his distances have always a fine effect, and his masses of light and shadow are distributed with such judgment, and contrasted with such harmony, that the eye and imagination are equally delighted. His works are distinguished by a natural and pleasing tone of colour; by a free, light, firm, and spirited pencil, and also by a very agreeable choice of situations. His general subjects were views of the banks of rivers;

hilly ground, with natural cascades; a country interspersed with cottages and huts; solemn scenes of woods and groves, with roads through them; and water-mills; but he rarely painted any subject without a river, brook, or pool of water, which he expressed with all possible truth and transparency. He likewise particularly excelled in representing torrents and impetuous falls of water, in which subjects the foam in one part, and the splendid appearance of the water in another, were described with force and grandeur, and afforded a true image of beautiful nature." All foreign writers who have seen the chief works of the painter speak in similar terms of his compositions.

Something of the same defect which we observe in our own Wilson and Turner, may be perceived in the compositions of Ruysdaal; he could lay down the inanimated landscape with all its hills, and trees, and streams, but he was unequal to the task of peopling it when flesh and blood were required. Wilson, originally a portrait painter, had acquired little mastery over human character; and though Turner often gives us groups and single figures, the poetic beauty of his landscapes proves too strong for the common forms and features which he bestows on men and women. The grandeur of his conceptions in still nature is not supported by his delineations of living nature. Ruysdaal was aware of his own deficiency, and often called in the aid of Ostade, Adrian Vandervelde, and Wouvermans. The contributions

of these distinguished painters have added much to the charm which has not yet departed from his works —indeed, his pictures are in most of the British collections, and much esteemed; they are likewise to be found in Italy; the cabinet of the Grand Duke at Florence contains some of his best landscapes.

The picture which has called forth this brief and imperfect account of the painter and his labours, is in the fine collection of Sir Abraham Hume. The engraver has striven to communicate to his work the peculiar tone and character of the original; the aim of the proprietor of the Cabinet Gallery is to give a fac-simile of the manner as well as the matter of each painting; and this is the secret of some of the faults which have been found with the prints. Engraving a picture is like translating a poem, the style and peculiarities of the poet must be preserved, and so should those of the painter.

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK.

RUBENS.

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK.

St. Martin as a military saint may be allowed a horse, armour and weapons; nor is there particular elegance of action required perhaps, in dividing his cloak with a public beggar; we consider it however as necessary to nature and truth, that he should look at what his sword is doing, instead of which, he is looking on the group of half clad mendicants, who, with faces practised in expressing woe and dolour, have beset his path. He could not well choose to do otherwise, for the group is in all respects a remarkable one. The beggar, seated on the ground, enacting the part of a cripple, has a back like Hercules, powerful and sinewy, and seems altogether a sort of person likely to procure alms by force which refused to come through supplication; the other kneeling, with his head bandaged to cover wounds, real or pretended, might do for a portrait of the ancient mendicant, Irus, who contested with Ulysses, on the threshold of his own palace, for the crumbs which fell from the table of the suitors; but the woman seems in sincerity, her woes are not artificial and assumed, her naked children, haggard looks and

dishevelled hair, cannot fail to direct the Saint's hand to his pocket as soon as he has disposed of the moiety of his cloak. The flush of colour, the fine freedom of handling, wonderful breadth of manner, and vigorous character of the original picture, have been admired by many: it is in His Majesty's collection.

Subjects of this nature are common to the earlier painters, they were labourers in the cause of the church, gave form and colour to her creed, and explained her legends and her miracles in a manner so beautiful and noble, as to obtain the admiration of the world. They were believers too in the wonders which they embodied; the miracles of the Catholic Church had not been publicly questioned; belief in divine influences and interpositions had not been abated by knowledge and scepticism, and there can be no doubt, that this, aided in the inspiration and helped to confer on those productions a shape and a hue all but divine. The first converts to Christianity among the barbarians were made by mystic signs and relics, nor were these laid aside when the missionaries acquired the language of their proselytes. Paintings and Statues and Crosses, the offspring of the relics and emblems, became as scripture to the church, and were seen by all, while the Bible and Testament were kept shut. Knowledge which followed printing, opened the scriptures to all nations: the sentiments and stories which painting and sculpture told, were no longer

regarded; the people desired to see what God had written, with their own eyes, and refused all further aid from science and fancy. It is to this we must ascribe the decreasing love for scripture pieces all over the world. No such works are necessary now

"To justify the ways of God to man."

One of the chief apostles for scripture pictures in this country, was Northcote the painter; he executed many altar-pieces, and wrote and spoke much in favour of an art, in which he believed he excelled. He however set down our coldness regarding such productions to the declining taste for historic painting, and the encreasing love of the land for portraiture. Haydon too imputes our apathy to our defective taste; he will not see that the artist is not wanted; we know as much of the word of God or of his Apostles, as the ablest painter is likely to teach us, and we care not for either his interpretations or his glosses. Had we been dwelling in dark ignorance, we would have been thankful for any hand to let in light; but now we have light in abundance. There are other difficulties in the way—artists seem not sufficiently aware, how doubtful a task it is

"To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength and motion."

Mere picturesque groups will not give us what we want; we must have at least, something as divine

as aught that Raphael drew, and where is the artist whose genius is of such quality.

The scripture pieces of even the accomplished Rubens, are deficient in that divinity of sentiment and majesty of conception, which the subject demands. With all his wonderful power in character, vigorous freedom of hand, and almost miraculous glow of colour, he has failed in elevating us; and looking at what Raphael and Michael Angelo have done, we see that he has more of earth in him and less of inspiration. There is no question that in his day, as the church had been obliged to take a step or two down from her high estate, that scripture painting had descended with her. Men of genius generally work in the spirit of their time, especially those who have to live by their labours, and before the days of Rubens, the Pope who formerly held the keys of the regions of bliss or woe in his hand, had seen not only one half of his dominions separated from him, but a religion which impugned his own, and called him by the opprobrious name of the "Anarch old," take the field against him with other arms than those of logic and invective. The charm which had bound the nations together began to dissolve; that part of the spell, which had been wrought by art, was unloosed by knowledge, and we lost the chance of becoming the greatest of all nations in historic painting, by welcoming the reformation, and preferring the Scripture in the English tongue, to pictures and statues.

G. [illegible]

W. Radclyffe

London, Published March 1, 1875, by John Major, 37, Fleet Street

G. POUSSIN.

A LANDSCAPE.

The landscapes of Gaspar Poussin are generally imaginative, but they are brought down to nature by a thousand indescribable touches, which genius alone can bestow. The picture before us besides the harmony and beauty of the scene, contains much matter for reflection. The tranquil loveliness of the stream, the deep shade of the trees, the rugged and caverned-like rocks rising on either side, buildings which seem to be tombs as much as the abodes of men, a shaggy hill pinnacled, and inaccessible to all save the eagles, overlooking the scene, while on the other side, a palace, or town on fire, throwing up a volume of mingled smoke and flame far into the air, are the materials out of which, the painter has made this noble work. The figures which he has introduced, can only be considered as furnishing a scale, by which, to measure the magnitude of the landscape. Neither the graver nor the pen can do justice to such a production, and when we examined the painting in the collection of Robert Ludgate, Esq. we felt how unable we were to describe its transparent colours, or give any idea of its harmonious splendor. As we looked on

it, we felt more than ever, how closely poetry and painting are allied: but the beauty of true poetry no art can effectually embody, and the beauty of true painting can neither be described in poetry nor prose. The best painter never fell further below Milton and Shakespeare in expressing their sentiments, than the ablest writer falls below the noblest painting in explaining it.

In the story of the painter's life, there is a touch of the romantic. When Nicholas Poussin fixed his residence in Rome, he married a French lady of the name of Dughet; on receiving a visit from her brother Gaspar, the latter discoursed on painting with so much taste and enthusiasm, that Poussin advised him to lift the pencil and make a trial in the art which he so much admired. He did so; and though his first attempts were rude and unregulated, they were not without touches of that fine sensibility which showed true genius. Poussin watched over his progress with care and wonder, and when his hand was well disciplined, and he had acquired knowledge sufficient to work from his own imagination, he produced pictures every way so worthy of his instructor, that he was advised to continue in Rome, drop his family name, and adopt that of his master. Such is the story of the early days of Gaspar Poussin. A less poetic version is however current. Sandrart says that he was employed at first, only to prepare the palette, pencils and colours for his brother, but in process of time,

the precepts and example of Nicholas, wrought so with him, that he tried landscape for himself, and succeeded so wondrously as to rival the fame of his master. The labours of which the biographer speaks are common to students: both versions agree in the material fact, and cannot be considered as different. It is more difficult to settle the places and dates of his birth and burial. Most writers say that he was born in France, in 1600, and died at the age of 60; but the Authors of the "Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres" make Rome his birthplace, and fix his death in 1675, when he was 62 years old; no authority for this contradiction is cited, and the matter is left more in doubt than we could wish. Lanzi claims him for a pupil of the Roman School, but leaves the question of his birthplace where he found it.

Wherever he was born, Rome is the place where he acquired all his glories. Like his brother Nicholas, he united nature with fancy, and never thought of giving a mere fac-simile of a scene; this he reckoned to be the duty of a land surveyor, rather than of a painter; he was of opinion that unity and harmony were required in all true landscape, and he arranged his materials after the manner of a poet. The wonderful quickness of his hand equalled the elegance of his taste. Like Salvator Rosa he sometimes commenced a picture in the morning, and finished it, with all its woods, waters, ruins and inhabitants, in the same day.

Some of his biographers accuse him of want of skill in the human figure, while others make it a matter of reproach, that he called in the pencil of his brother Nicholas to such delineations, marring thereby the fine unity which appears in pictures solely from his own hand. There is no doubt that this is a defect; figures inserted by one artist in the landscape of another, show the marks of different pencils and feelings and injure the effect by disturbing the harmony; on the other hand, when the same artist paints the landscape and peoples it also, the work may be compared to a gothic abbey, where the lofty aisles, splendid screens, and rich recesses are occupied by sculpture in the express spirit and style of the architecture: when it is otherwise, it may be likened to Westminster Abbey, where the monuments are generally out of harmony with the building, and seem to oppress rather than to beautify it. Though Gaspar Poussin had a strong passion for grace and beauty, and though his best landscapes are composed in the same way that Milton described Paradise, by concentrating all his own notions of the elegant and lovely, he did not hesitate to paint what was fair in nature: "he copied," says Lanzi, "all the enchanting scenery of the Tusculan or Tiburtine territory, and of Rome, where, as Martial observes, nature has combined the many beauties which she has scattered singly in other places."

He never crouds his scenes with figures, nor

huddles rock on rock, or hill on hill; all is simple; the eye is never detained in the investigation of something curious or far fetched; his peasants are not dressed for show but for sentiment; he introduces nothing that can be called common or vulgar in his compositions. "He is one of the most celebrated painters of landscape," says Pilkington, "that ever appeared; and it is generally thought no painter ever studied nature to better purpose, or represented the effects of land storms more happily than Gaspar; every tree shows a proper and natural degree of agitation: every leaf is in motion. His scenes are always beautifully chosen, as also are the sites of his buildings, and those buildings have a pleasing effect by a mixture of simplicity and elegance. His distances recede from the eye with abundance of perspective beauty; his grounds are charmingly broken, and his figures, trees and other objects are so judiciously placed and proportioned to the distance as to create a most agreeable deception. He had a free and delicate manner of pencilling, and was exceedingly expeditious in his work, for his imagination was scarcely more ready to invent than his hand was to execute."

The pictures of this great painter are numerous, bring large prices, and are seldom to be sold; there are several in the National Gallery. It is to be regretted that one of these, a landscape, representing Eneas and Dido in the storm, has become so dark "in consequence perhaps," says Ottley, "of the destruc-

tive nature of the earth used in priming the canvas, and the small body of colour employed in painting it, that little idea can be formed of its pristine beauty." Gaspar Poussin has had few followers: Crescenzio di Onofrio is alone considered his true imitator; but let all those who desire to follow, not to lead, lay the fact to heart, that though this artist executed many works, both in Rome and Florence, few of them are to be found in any collection.

THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST TO ST PETER.

ANNIBALE CARACCI.

CHRIST APPEARING TO ST. PETER.

This fine picture is not scriptural, as some have imagined: it embodies a tradition of the Romish Church. The New Testament tells us that Christ after his resurrection appeared to St. Peter: but it was more consistent with the aim and practice of the Church, when losing its simplicity, to give currency to obscure or doubtful legends, rather than draw attention to the true and accredited narrative of the gospel. Peter, says the tradition, not finding at the time any liking for martyrdom, made his escape from Rome, and was hurrying along the Appian way, when he met Jesus bearing the Cross, "Lord where goest thou?" enquired the astonished saint; "I am going to Rome to be crucified a second time," was the answer, "for I find that my disciples are afraid of attesting the truth of my cause with their blood." The rebuked saint returned and suffered martyrdom. The legend is a very beautiful one; it is in keeping with the timid character of Peter; and serviceable too to the Church of Rome, which claimed supremacy over all christian churches. Those who imagined the

legend, found an admirable interpreter in Caracci: it is admitted by very fastidious critics that this picture is one of the best studied and effective of all his performances in this country.

Annibale excelled in the serenely graceful—in an austere simplicity which too few have imitated. The Christ of this picture is an example of this: he is equally elegant in form, and divine in expression, and the action is perfectly simple and natural—there is no straining to make the body aid the mind. There is a deep lustre of colour also; almost, as an artist said, more than mortal; it is scarcely of this world, and reminds us of the super-human hues of the "Christ in the Garden" of Correggio. The fine colouring is not thought superior to the consummate skill displayed in the fore-shortening of the figure: the advancing posture, the moving limbs, and the extended arm, are the wonder of all artists whose eyes are not closed by vanity on all excellence save their own. Of the general impression which this fine vision makes, Ottley says, "The effect is not more the result of the correctness of that figure in respect of outline and lineal perspective, than of the judicious arrangement of its lights and shadows." The rest of the picture has many beauties: the landscape which forms the back ground, would make any living artist a fair reputation alone: St. Peter has a rebuked and startled air: the propriety of his posture has been questioned; but it seems consistent enough—he is re-

presented suddenly receding, as from a vision which had burst upon him at once—nay, he is about to kneel, or at least bow the knee—his marvelling looks and held up hand testify the impression made upon him.

When Baglione said that Annibale Caracci restored the true art of colouring from nature, which had been lost; introduced a sort of antique beauty of form into his compositions, and revived the art of landscape painting, afterwards imitated by the Flemings, he was thinking of pictures such as this, where those beauties are all united. But though this is perhaps one of the finest pictures of our Saviour which we possess, in point of beauty of form and propriety of expression, we are less sure that it comes up to that image of divine loveliness and celestial mildness and grace of manner which the New Testament raises in the mind. It must always be so, we fear, when the art of man aspires to embody things immortal: fancy, at first bright, grows dim: the inspiration of the first impulse subsides, and we obtain, at last, a mortal, instead of an immortal, thing. A divine being can, in truth, be in shape but a perfect man: his beauty is of earth, and his lustre is tried by comparison with colours, the richest which the world affords, but still not heavenly: outwardly, therefore, when we see the noblest shape which art can supply, we have but a fine human being before us—the divinity is yet to be bestowed. To breathe an expression

into it which shall lift it among the celestials, and give the grandeur of a God, is a power bestowed on few, and in that the mastery of the invention lies; but how few are they in number who can, to a form of perfect elegance and graceful unity, communicate a sentiment which raises it to the skies. In truth, the christian religion is in its principle averse to intercourse with art. In scripture, the personal beauty of Christ is nowhere insisted on, nor is it argued that his disciples were men of dignity of exterior: humility and meekness are their attributes—their doctrine is addressed to the mind and not to the eye; and in this it differs from the religion of the heathen, and from all other forms of worship which insist on the importance of external things. The painters of the palmy times of the Romish church brought as much of heaven into their pictures as art could accomplish; that they failed often in sublime and immortal subjects must be accepted as a proof that man's skill cannot embody the noblest visions of his mind.

It would be unjust, however, to the merit and fame of Caracci, if we shut our eyes to the fact that his serious pictures are more highly admired by the members of the Catholic Church than by those of the Protestant. Lanzi thus speaks of his works: "His Taking down from the Cross, at the Church of the Capuccini, in Parma, may challenge the most distinguished followers of the Parmese school. His picture of St. Rocco is still more celebrated, com-

prising the perfections of different artists, a piece engraved in aqua forte by Guido Reni; it was executed for Reggio, thence transferred to Modena, and from the last place to Dresden. He represented the saint standing near a portico, on a basement, and dispensing his wealth to poor mendicants; a composition not so very rich in figures as in knowledge of the art. A throng of paupers, as different in point of infirmity as in age and sex, is admirably varied, both in the grouping and the gestures. One is seen receiving with gratitude, another impatiently expecting, a third counting his alms with delight: every object is misery and humiliation, and yet every thing seems to display the abundance and dignity of the artist." Mengs, a writer whose authority is daily decreasing, says, that Caracci "checked his natural fire when he beheld the wondrous works in Rome: imitated Raphael, and retained, at the same time, a portion of the style of Correggio, to support the dignity of his manner."

The pencil of Annibale Caracci was not confined to devout subjects alone. The Roman galleries show many of his works taken from ancient history and mythology; and Lanzi particularly describes one painted in colours, of which glue and the yolk of an egg are what artists call the "vehicle." "It is a Pan teaching Apollo to play upon the pipe: figures at once designed, coloured, and disposed, with the hand of a great master. They are so finely expressive, that we see in the countenance of the

youth humility, and apprehension of committing an error; and in that of Pan, turning another way, peculiar attention to the sound, his pleasure in possessing such a pupil, and his anxiety to conceal from him his real opinion, lest he might happen to grow vain. No other pieces, so exquisitely finished, are found from his hand at Bologna." We have wandered a little from the picture before us, but we imagined that our readers might like to hear something more of the eminent person whose name stands last of the list of painters who formed what has been called the golden age of art in Italy.

The Christ appearing to St. Peter is painted on wood, measures two feet six inches high, by one foot ten inches wide, and came to the National Gallery from the collection of the Prince Aldobrandini, in the Borghese Palace.

Sir P. P. Rubens.

F. J. Havell

London, Published April 1, 1838, by John Major, 50, Fleet Street.

RUBENS.

LANDSCAPE.

"Peter Paul Rubens," says Fuseli, "was a meteor of art. Endowed with a full comprehension of his own character he wasted not a moment on the acquisition of excellence incompatible with its power, but flew to the centre of his ambition, Venice, and soon compounded from the splendour of Paolo Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto that florid system of mannered magnificence which is the element of his art and the principle of his school. He first spread that ideal pallet which reduced to its standard the variety of nature, and once methodized whilst his mind tuned the method, shortened or superseded individual imitation." We can see little of the true character of the works of Rubens in these fine sentences: let us turn our eyes from the hazy page of the Swiss professor and look at the great Fleming by the milder, clearer light of Walpole. "His pictures were equally adapted to please the ignorant and the connoisseurs. Familiar subjects, familiar histories, treated with great lustre and fulness of colouring, a richness of nature and propriety of draperies, recommend

themselves at first sight to the eyes of the vulgar. The just boldness of his drawing, the wonderful chiaro scuro diffused throughout his pictures, and not loaded like Rembrandt's to force out one peculiar spot of light, the variety of his carnations, the fidelity to the manners and customs of the times he was representing, and attention to every part of his compositions, without enforcing trifles too much or too much neglecting them, all this union of happy excellencies endear the works of Rubens to the best judges: he is perhaps the single artist who attracts the suffrages of every rank. One may justly call him the Popular Painter; he wanted that majesty and grace which confine the works of the greatest masters to the fewest admirers." These are words as intelligible as the pictures of Rubens, and are more to our taste, as they are fitter for our purpose, than the mystical language of Fuseli.

On looking at the picture in the National Gallery which forms the subject of our present sketch, we feel sensible that it would require uncommon happiness of sentiment and felicity of words to give anything like a correct notion of such a splendid landscape. It seems part real and part imaginary; the painter seldom indulged in fancies strictly or exclusively poetical; the men and women of his pictures were copied from the breathing, substantial denizens of the world around him, and his scenes were chiefly found in his native country, for he could exalt the meanest thing into magnifi-

cence, and raise the most ordinary subjects into historical dignity by the force of his drawing and the splendour of his colours. The present landscape has been assigned by good judges to Flanders. Those who hold this belief point to the rich pastoral district extending level and verdant as far as the eye can reach, covered with flocks and herds, studded with farm houses and villages, and divided into irregular, though not picturesque, enclosures by rows of those hapless trees called in England pollards: nor do they fail to observe the intersecting ditches and all the other symptoms of a productive soil, yielding milk and butter, honey and corn, sheep and poultry, and watched over by numerous hinds and maidens and old men conversant with both tillage and pasturage. "It is only," says Reynolds, "in large compositions that the powers of Rubens seem to have room to expand themselves." The fulness of his mind could not be restrained within small space; groups and incidents, and things picturesque, came crowding upon his fancy, demanding admission into his work; he was unable to get rid of them on easier terms, and so he set them down. This may be observed in the picture before us; there is as much introduced as would form several common landscapes, and yet it is likely that the painter could not insert the half that was present to his mind.

On the left, in the middle ground, stands a cas-

tellated mansion with towers and pinnacles, and bosomed deep in trees, through which the morning sun makes its way in scattered lines dropping here and there on the windows. Ladies are in the walks: one of them is seated with a child beside her, while the lord of the place is near and seems to be enjoying the splendour of the brightening morn. A moat surrounds the chateau; a man is fishing, and a waggon drawn by a couple of horses is passing rapidly, as if the rustic driver felt afraid of giving offence to the lordly inhabitant by lingering nigh his gate. A handsome young woman in a scarlet jerkin and blue kirtle is seated in the waggon: near her is a fat calf tied by the legs, which with other produce of the land is on its way to market. A rivulet has overflowed the road, and the shod hoofs of the horses and the broad wheels of the waggon are plunging and splashing the water into the air: the level sun throws a few as it were accidental rays upon the road, and the dripping fellies and spokes and agitated water seem as real and vivid as nature. In the very centre of the foreground stands the trunk of an old fantastic tree rising but a few feet from the surface, but throwing out a profusion of drooping branches, beneath which flowers are blooming and birds sporting: towards the tree a fowler with his gun comes crouching, for he is not unaware that a covey of partridges are enjoying themselves in the sunshine under the shelter of a neighbouring bush: he restrains

his impatient dog with one hand and seems about to raise his piece with the other, for he has nearly reached the proper distance: the poor birds are however a little scattered, and not likely all to become victims.

A rivulet, which is partly hidden by its banks, and partly shown as it descends a declivity after passing under a rustic bridge, intersects the picture from right to left, but the trees rising on its sides interrupt the monotony, and render the whole line beautiful. Beyond the rivulet farms and farm houses, and cattle and hedge-rows abound. Every field has something peculiarly its own, and every row of trees has a distinguishing character arising from their own quality, or from the nature of the soil in which they are growing. "Of the skill displayed by Rubens," says Ottley, "in the details of this extraordinary performance, especially those in the distance, it is perhaps not possible by words to convey any just idea. We cannot however omit to notice a passage near a triangular field, with cattle feeding and a woman milking a cow on the right of the picture: where he has represented a long row of pollards in bold perspective shooting far into the flat landscape, and in one part traversing a piece of marshy ground with a truth of effect bordering on illusion."

The long continuous line where the landscape mingles in the distance with the sky, broken only by a solitary spire, has been regarded always as

equally bold and beautiful; nor is the light the least wonderful part of the genius of the composition: over this magnificent scene the artist has shed the first dewy outburst of the morning sun: the light comes streaming along in a horizontal gush, touching the shafts of the trees, the dewy backs of the cattle, the plumage of the birds, and the curls of the running streams. Nor is this all; the light of the sun is modified by the influence of the moving clouds above: one part of a field has a full, another a tempered lustre: the whole is painted with uncommon power of pencil and brilliancy of colouring, and united into one vast and varied landscape.

It is from the Balbi palace at Genoa: it measures seven feet nine inches long, four feet six inches and a half high, and was part of the collection presented to the nation by the munificence of the late Sir George Beaumont.

THE MARKET GIRL.

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MORLAND.

THE MARKET GIRL.

Those who love variety will not be unwilling to leave the St. Peter of Caracci, the fowlers and farmers of Rubens, and, turning their thoughts to England, take a look at the country girl of Morland on her way to market. It is true that George wants the dignity of Annibale, has none of the magnificence of Peter Paul, and that his work is of an humble kind, representing a young rustic in her homespun dress pursuing a very ordinary employment. Yet, though this is a scene such as we may expect to see any day, it will perhaps be long before we can see anything so perfectly graceful and natural as that which the painter has placed before us. The morning is sunny and warm; the Market Girl has come perhaps a long way, with a weighty basket, and gladly avails herself of a resting place by the road side, where she deposits for a moment her load, and stands with her bonnet in her hand, contemplating the remainder of her journey. See with what ease and elegance she stands; there is no constraint of posture, nor put on expression of face; the spire of the town is in

the distance where she must seek and find a market for her rustic commodities, and probably see some one to whom her quiet smile and happy looks will be welcome. We have often in the days of our youth found our way into the market place of our native town, and looked with pleasure on the many young, and innocent, and blooming faces, grouped around, mildly anxious for customers for butter and barn-door fowls. Such a figure and face as those of Morland's Market Girl we have not unfrequently seen, and it is perhaps as good a compliment as we can pay the discernment of the painter, to add that they soon found a market to themselves: a few years, and the blooming and bashful lass made her appearance as a thriving and happy wife, presiding over the in-door economy of a farmer's household.

To Londoners, and one so dissipated as Morland, it is next to a wonder that images of country simplicity and rustic modesty should have presented themselves: he was when very young, made intimate with much of the folly and vice of the town; he assumed the dress of the fop, and copied the manners of the man of pleasure, and in all, save his paintings, was artificial and affected. The moment he took up the pencil, folly resigned her rule and nature reigned in her stead: his mind wandered from the wine vaults and the gin shops to homely cottages, barn-yards, calf-cribs and piggeries; he forgot the hungry creditor, the griping pawnbroker and the drouthy companion, and saw but a horde

of gypsies bivouacked with their motley tents, tawny children and tethered asses. The perfect nature of Morland's works will always maintain their popularity; the very names are not unpleasing to read; they indicate the sort of entertainment to be expected; there is nothing of the high-flown or the historical in the list, and yet there is much in the pictures which, from the singular vigour of conception and ease and happiness of handling, raise emotions akin to the poetic. The Sailors' Conversation. The Country Butcher. Dog and Cat fighting. Fighting Dogs. Watering the Cart Horse. The Farm Yard. The Farmer's Stable. The Fisherman's Hut. Selling Fish. Fishermen. Smugglers. The Peasants' Repast. The Ale-house door. Ale-house Kitchen. Public House door. Labourers at Lunch. Stable Amusement. Sportsman Refreshing. The Rabbit Warren. Cottage Family. Shepherd's Meal. The Storm. The Dram. Fishermen going out in the morning. Fishermen returning. Milkmaid and Cowherd. Peasant and Pigs. A Conversation. The Corn-bin. A Horse Feeder. Feeding the Pigs. Return from Market. Gathering Wood. Gathering Fruit. The Straw Yard. Shepherd and his Flock. The Market Girl.

We have heard of men whose notions of art are so sublimely high, that they hesitate to admit Morland into the list of painters. Perhaps his dissipated way of life induced those judges to conclude that the *artist* was as low in all respects as

the *man*, but this would have been amply refuted by a look at his works, where nature, which those critics imagined they worshipped, triumphed. There is no doubt that the public had no sympathy with such exclusive fancies. " Crowds of patrons," says Collins, " sought every opportunity of possessing themselves of his pictures. Some very few striking portraits were produced by him as a great favour: but the offers he received of constant employment at his own prices, and to be exonerated from all the pecuniary difficulties in which his imprudence had involved him, were equally rendered abortive by the levity and perverseness of his conduct." In truth Morland cared little for the opinions of his brethren in art: he courted not their company, and probably never thought of instituting a comparison between his representations of rustic groups and gypsies with asses and panniers, and the grand stile, which so many artists worship. To ride on a high trotting horse, drive the Highgate or Hampstead stage coach; serve as a parish constable; get first tipsy out of fifteen at table, and dash in a scene on canvas to pay a large reckoning, were dearer to his heart than all the honour which academies could decree or princes bestow.

The fine picture, now for the first time engraved, which has called forth these remarks, is in the possession of Mr. Hofland the painter, and the plate has been executed under his superintendance.

Ruysdael.

J. H. Servaes.

THE WATER MILL.

Entered [illegible] 1848 by John Major in the [illegible]

RUYSDAEL.

WATER-MILL.

Water-Mills are favourite subjects with painters and poets. There is something attractive and picturesque in a mill in motion. The water descending upon the outer wheel, the machinery revolving, the white round grain running in above and coming out in meal below, the dusty miller watching his wheels moving and his maidens sifting the seeds or chaff from the flour, together with the pleasing din and agreeable sight of running water, the dust issuing in gusts from crevice and wicket, and the sudden cessation of sounds melodious, or otherwise, when the task is performed, all unite in forming a picture addressed both to mind and eye. Nor is the scene around the mill of inferior interest; the shelling-hill is at hand whitened over with husks, broken mill-stones lie about; one forms a rude bridge over the race or trough that conducts the water to the outer wheel, others are sunk nigh the door as pavement, while perhaps the last pair which fulfilled their term of service lean against the wall along with fragments of discarded machinery. Then there is the kiln where the corn is dried, with its

cowl above which turns with the wind; the kiln-man too, as black as the miller is white, lying side-long watching the result of his fire or turning the warming grain on pierced iron plates, or more perilous still, upon straw. If to this we add cocks and hens to the shelling-hill, ducks to the mill-dam and a vagrant boy trying to lure the suspicious trouts with a hook and worm, we may consider the chief features of the scene as complete.

With scenes such as we have imperfectly described the eye of Ruysdael was familiar. Of this no other testimony need be required than the fine work before us. The mill is a rudely picturesque structure compared with the mills of these our latter days of invention and improvement, and might form a not inapt illustration to the lively tale of the Monk and the Miller's Wife. The painter's mill is covered roughly with a sort of reed-thatch with which a sharp wind seems to have sported; the mill of our day is handsomely covered with patent slate; his outer wheel is a heavy affair and the framework which sustains it is of a rude pattern; our outer as well as inner wheels are constructed with geometrical accuracy, revolve on polished pinions without sound and the framework on which they are supported is a model of scientific elegance. In short the water-mill of Ruysdael though not equal to that of the year 1833 for performing its task is infinitely better adapted to the picturesque purposes of art: a ragged house in which no one

would dare to live, and from whose bellying walls the rats have instinctively run away, becomes more the canvas of the artist than a trim and perpendicular dwelling free from symptoms of decay.

We have some suspicion that the painter admits the water to the wheel at an elevation much too low for the purpose of fully commanding the machinery. It must however be borne in mind that the land where the scene is laid is level and inclining to be marshy; the descent therefore of the mill-stream could not be great, and so for want of what is called "fall" he has made compensation in quantity of water. The artist with a true sense of the value of such things has constructed his mill against the ruined and grass-crowned wall of some castle or fortalice which lures the mind of the spectator back to earlier and perhaps sterner days. The mill is in motion, two hinds are busied among the rushes which fringe the little lake into which the water runs when it is thrown from the wheel, and a comely housewife stands at the door, seemingly as happy as the northern dame when she sung,

Dusty was the coat
Dusty was the colour
And dusty was the kiss
I got frae the miller.

Of the life of Ruysdael we have already spoken; and though we have more to say on that subject

we prefer at present saying something about his works. One prominent feature is the perfect truth and nature of all his delineations; his Italian studies did not deliver him over entirely to fancy; he had a poetic attachment, that was all, to picturesque things; he in no instance wished to please men with the hope that he was doing something better. His dreams were of this earth, he painted no landscapes with the belief that some more heavenly world would be discovered to suit them. It is this which makes us frequently think of Ruysdael as we wander through forest glades, along lonely shores, and by the banks of romantic streams; we see him every where in nature, but we seldom see Claude or any of those artists who have painted scenes of pure imagination. The fine picture which has called forth these hasty remarks is in the collection of Colonel Hugh Baillie.

Baroccio. A. Duncan.

HOLY FAMILY.

London, Published May 1, 1833 by John Major, 50, Fleet Street

F. BAROCCIO.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

This beautiful picture, measuring three feet wide, by three feet nine inches high, was long in the Cesare Palace at Perugia; it passed into the collection of Holwell Carr, and came from him by bequest into the National Gallery, where it is distinguished by a gracefulness of expression approaching to the gay, and by a florid beauty of colour which induced a writer to say that the painter fed his figures on roses. Connoisseurs and critics have united in perceiving and censuring what they call an unbecoming levity of expression in the leading figures of the composition. Baroccio, say they, has made the infant St. John alarm a bird and tantalize a cat, much to the satisfaction of old Joseph, who leans forward and seems to enjoy the joke mightily, and also to the pleasure of Christ, who is nestled in his mother's bosom. We have ourselves, when critics were in a surly mood, been suspected of seeing more in a picture than could well be seen, and to say the truth, we have sometimes guessed at what was doing inside a house from what we saw outside; but we never indulged in conjectures injurious to the merit

of the painter or his work, we ventured only to carry on the scene a little further in its own spirit. It is not exactly in this way that the following remarks on this picture were written. "In treating," says Ottley, "the subject of the Madonna and Child, or of the Holy Family, preceding artists had seldom forgotten that a certain devoutness of sentiment and dignified deportment in the figures could not properly be altogether dispensed with; however, like Correggio, Titian, and even Raphael himself, they might often for the sake of picturesque variety, depart more or less from that rigid system of regularity in their distribution, which the painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had used as best conducive to the solemnity of character befitting sacred imagery; and though sometimes they would allot secular employments to those venerated personages, exhibiting Joseph at his carpenter's bench, or the Virgin filling a vase with water from a streamlet; still they are careful to avoid any thing like unbecoming levity."

The "unbecoming levity" which this critic reprehends, consists in the infant St. John holding up a goldfinch towards an open window, out of the reach of a cat, and in the approving looks of Christ and Joseph. Now the picture is of a domestic kind; the scene is laid within doors, and the way in which the inmates are employed is perfectly consistent, and in strict keeping with the precept which enjoins tenderness and mercy to all living

things. The work too is in its nature typical, and it is evidently in this sense that the Virgin mother takes it; she is pointing it out to the child at her bosom, and though Joseph, an ordinary person, is looking upon it perhaps as an ordinary matter, it has for the other actors a mystic meaning. Such is the way in which we interpret the picture, and we are borne out in our views by the character of the painter, who was a devout man and has never been reproached save in this instance with "unbecoming levity" in things holy.

Frederick Baroccio was born at Urbino in the year 1528; he was allied by blood to a race of artists: his studies and parentage united him with the Roman school, and he was taught perspective by his uncle Bartolomeo Genga; but he derived his knowledge chiefly, it is said, from Batista Franco, a Venetian by birth, and a Florentine in style. In his twentieth year he went to Rome, where he was so struck with the grandeur of the works of Michael Angelo, that he was not satisfied till he had copied all his statues and paintings in Florence as well as in the capital. Nor did he neglect the antique; but his admiration of outline and expression induced him too much to disregard colouring, and when he sought to master this in after life his roseate hues harmonized indifferently with his severe and forcible drawing. "In Rome he may be seen," says Lanzi, "in some evangelical subjects painted in fresco in a chapel in the Minerva, and

preferred by Vasari to any other of his works. He also decorated the choir of the metropolitan church of Urbino in fresco, and there left a Madonna in oil placed between St. Peter and St. Paul, in the best Florentine style, except that the latter figure is rather attenuated. There is a grand picture in oil by him in the tribune of St. Venanzio in Fabriano, containing the Virgin, with the titular and two other protecting saints. In the sacristy of the cathedral of Osimo, I saw many small pictures representing the life of Christ, painted by him in the year 1547, as we learn from the archives of that church."

Baroccio became eminent, lived to an old age, and founded a school which had many scholars. He was distinguished both for history and portrait, and like other great artists, did not hesitate when he found a living face full of expression and beauty to introduce it into his historic pictures. Like our own Wilkie, he rarely painted any figure without first satisfying himself in a small model, a practice common to mostly all the great artists, including Raphael; his sister was his model for his Madonnas, and her child for his infant Saviours and St. Johns; a family likeness may be traced in the picture before us. He imagined that he imitated Titian, and it is certain that for a time he wrought in the manner of Raphael, of which his St. Cecilia, and more particularly his St. Sebastian, considered by Mancini as his masterpiece, may be looked upon as examples; but the softness and gracefulness of his style led him insen-

sibly to the imitation of Correggio, in whose natural and happy manner he executed many noble works, such as the St. Simon and Judas in the church of the Conventuals.

It must be confessed that he never equalled Correggio's natural, graceful, and grand style of composition; and it was well for his reputation that his genius led him into a path more peculiarly his own. Yet his works may be called fine imitations of that great master. "In the heads of his children," observes Lanzi, "and of his female figures, he approaches nearly to him; also in the easy flow of his drapery, in the pure contour, in the mode of foreshortening his figures; but in general design he is not so grand, and his chiaro-scuro less ideal; his tints are lucid and well arranged, and bear a resemblance to the beautiful hues of Correggio, but they have neither his strength nor truth. It is however delightful to see the great variety of colours he has employed so exquisitely blended by his pencil, and there is perhaps no music more finely harmonized to the ear than his pictures are to the eye. This is in a great measure the effort of the chiaro-scuro, to which he paid the greatest attention, and which he was the first to introduce into the schools of Lower Italy. Having made his design he prepared a cartoon, the size of his intended picture, from whence he traced the contours on his canvas; he then on a small scale tried the disposition of his colours, and proceeded to the execution of his work. Perfection

was his aim in every picture, a maxim which ensures excellence to artists of genius."

The life of Baroccio was written at some length by Bellori, from which we gather that his pencil delighted most in religious subjects: the portraits which he painted are few, and his works on profane story far from numerous. His burning of Troy, in two pictures, adorns the Borghese Gallery. He died in 1612, aged 84, leaving behind him a high name for productions of a devout and tender character; his Repose in Egypt resembles in some degree the "Madonna del Gatto," Joseph is plucking wild cherries for the infant Saviour—a natural if not a lofty action.

Claude W. R. Smith

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CLAUDE LORRAINE.

A SEAPORT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

This truly splendid picture is in his Majesty's Collection; it has the clear and serene poetic air of the chief productions of the great painter, and bears no faint resemblance to other works from his pencil in London. We allude to those in the National Gallery, the St. Ursula and, more particularly, the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba on her way to visit Solomon. But though there is a resemblance in the leading features of the landscape there are some important points of difference. For saints and eastern queens we have men familiar with barter, brokerage, and pilotage, and for superbly carved galleys with sails of silk, and diffusing from their streamers

> Sabean odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest,

we have good ordinary sea-worthy ships returned from some mercantile voyage and redolent of pitch and bilge-water. If we examine the whole scene we will see that all is nevertheless in strict keeping. To deserted temples and forsaken towers crowned with rank weeds instead of banners, Claude

could not well bring gondolas and galleys such as those in which Cleopatra sailed down the Cydnus: but he imagined what will sometimes be found true, that mercantile industry survived aristocratic splendour, and executed his picture accordingly. The lustre of the slow descending sun is delineated with astonishing force and truth; in the art of communicating a tranquil air, or an all but un-endurable splendour to his compositions he has never been excelled. Though we are informed that the painter had a Mediterranean seaport in his eye when he painted this picture; it is chiefly a poetic conception, though more like something in existence than is usual with Claude. He was a great master in architecture; his porticos are very finely proportioned, and one of the two in this picture with square double columns, pannelled, ornamented, and placed on single pedestals, is at once elegant and original.

He was born in Lorraine in the year 1600; so little was his genius anticipated that he was apprenticed to a pastry cook and wrought till he became almost a man at a work which he could not but dislike. When he began to study art those that undertook to teach him considered him rather dull than otherwise: Agostino Tassi afterwards related that it was with great labour he taught him how to prepare his colours or comprehend the scientific rules of perspective. As soon however as he began to master these preliminaries his mind

expanded; his eagerness to excel knew no bounds, and his imagination delighted in poetic delineations, in which some had the sagacity to perceive the rudiments of those matchless compositions which have made him the delight of all nations. In his youth he found his way to Rome, and endeavoured in the academy to acquire a knowledge of the human figure; he succeeded to a certain degree, but never excelled; and his compositions carry with them the reproach of being the work of various hands. In truth the wonderful beauty of his landscapes requires loveliness equal or superior to that of the Apollo and the Venus; his ground seems fit only to be touched by celestial feet, and his air to be fanned by heavenly wings. His pictures are in all things poetical; no one on a journey ever sees a scene which recalls Claude; we behold him sometimes in the summer skies, when

> "The air is mild, the wind is calm,
> The stream is smooth, the dew is balm,"

but we know of nothing earthly so passing fair and lovely as his views of temples, streams, and valleys.

Let no one however suppose that he found all this excellence in imagination alone, and that nature had nothing to do with it. On the contrary, it is related of him that he sought to explore the true principles of painting by an incessant examination of nature, for which purpose he studied in the open fields, where he wrought from sunrise to twilight,

taking views of heaven and earth under every influence which he felt might be useful in his compositions. He noted every fine tinge of light; took sketches of the sunbeams dropping from cloud to cloud, and it was his chief delight to see the sun rising or setting on a wide tranquil sea, scattering its long lines of dazzling light on wave and shore, tinging the sea-fowl's wing, the rock, the ruined tower, or the passing sail. On such materials he set his poetic fancy to work, and produced those bright and glorious compositions which may have been equalled, but surely were never surpassed.

Claude has the luck of being one of those landscape painters who pleased the difficult Fuseli; he is of the ten singled out as heirs of fame. We have sometimes differed with the Professor in matters of taste or detail, but we agree with him cordially in the following sentiments which we would advise some of the landscape painters of these our later days to read oftener than once. "The last branch of uninteresting subjects is that kind of landscape entirely occupied with the tame delineation of a given spot; an enumeration of hill and dale, clumps of trees, shrubs, water, meadows, cottages, and houses, what is commonly called views. These, if not assisted by nature, dictated by taste, or chosen for character, may delight the owner of the acres they enclose, the inhabitants of the spot, perhaps the antiquary or the traveller, but to every other eye they are little more than topography. The

landscape of Titian, of Mola, of Salvator, of the Poussins, Claude, Rubens, Elzheimer, Rembrandt, and Wilson, spurns all relation with this kind of map-work. Heighth, depth, solitude, strike, terrify, absorb, bewilder in their scenery; we tread on classic or romantic ground, or wander through the characteristic groups of rich congenial objects." It is quite certain that an accurate transcript of a scene is not enough for true art, unless the scene is in itself poetic. Nature is excellent, but something more is required; we every day see delineations which we cannot deny are natural, while at the same time we perceive that they want that fine conception and vital warmth and lustre which belong to works of genius.

No one has done more justice to the merits of Claude than Pilkington: "his skies," he observes, "are warm and full of lustre, and every object properly illumined. His distances are admirable, and, in a very delightful union and harmony, not only excite our applause, but our admiration. His invention is pleasing, his colouring delicate, and his tints have such an agreeable sweetness and variety as have been but imperfectly imitated by subsequent artists, but were never equalled. He frequently gave an uncommon tenderness to his finished trees by glazing; and in his large compositions which he painted in fresco he was so exact that the distinct species of every tree might readily be distinguished." He conceived the general character of his pictures

at once; he laboured upon them with unremitting care; and where he failed to please himself at first, he touched, and re-touched till he came up to the image existing in his mind. He has been observed to hurry home from the fields to communicate to his canvas some fresh beauty which he had just picked up from nature. His pictures are very rare, especially such as are uninjured by time: and though the price they bring is enormous, it is not considered by the world as superior to their merit. He died at the age of eighty-two, leaving a fame which will not likely suffer an early eclipse.

SPANISH PEASANT-BOY.

MURILLO.

SPANISH PEASANT BOY.

We have hitherto selected our pictures from the Dutch, the English, and the Italian schools: on the work before us the stamp of a different school and the character of another people are visible. It is said that Wilkie the painter visited Spain chiefly for the purpose of examining the productions of Velasquez and Murillo, and comparing them with the land, the people, and the remains of the old Spanish spirit and manners. How it was with Velasquez we have not heard, but Murillo and nature were found to be the same. He is a truly national painter, and the express image of the time and the people is on all his productions: those who are intimate with his pictures have observed a touch of the Moorish character in them: the Moors communicated, as the inimitable ballads of Lockhart sufficiently testify, something of an eastern warmth and glow to the Spanish poetry; touching with light the darker parts like sunshine scattered over a clouded landscape: a drop or so of their impetuous blood mingled with the calmer Castilian and left a shade of that swart people in the face of many

Spaniards. Strangers who visit our National Gallery will be at no loss to single out the work of this eminent painter. The pictures of that collection are connected with each other by kindred ties; there is a general lineament of brotherhood: the Dutch school unites with the Flemish, the Flemish with the English, and the English with the Italian: but there is one picture which in character, colour and handling, differs from all around and unites with none—it is from the pencil of Bartolomeo Estevan Murillo.

This accomplished artist was born at Seville on the first day of January, one thousand six hundred and thirteen; of the condition of his parents we have no account: a visit to the studio of his relative Juan del Castillo made him a painter, and to him he was indebted for instructions in the use of colours and the science of art. His kinsman seems to have been something of a patron to him, which countenances the supposition that his parents were poor; for when Juan removed to Cadiz, Murillo was obliged, say his biographers, to earn subsistence by painting banners and small pictures for exportation to South America. But the emblazoning of banners was in the earlier days of art a part of the profession, and honourable too and profitable: the small pictures spoken of were chiefly of a religious kind, and ordered by the government, or purchased by wealthy merchants for the churches of the New World. The vigour of his delineations and the

natural freshness and force of his colouring began to be widely noticed when Pedro de Moya on his way through Seville to Cadiz exhibited some of his pictures painted in the manner of Vandyke. Murillo was so struck with the beauty and force of those compositions that he resolved to study for the future in the same school: he availed himself of such instructions and aid as de Moya could give him, and finding these insufficient, resolved to repair to Rome, the fountain head of art, and seek improvement among the great masters. He was now twenty-nine years old; the exportation trade had given him bread without augmenting his fortune, he was too poor for an expensive journey and his friends looked upon it as a wild undertaking and withheld their help. Murillo was not of a nature to be daunted with common obstacles; he bought a quantity of canvas, divided it into squares of various sizes, and painted many little pictures of flowers, miracles, angels ascending and descending, and on the produce of these reached Madrid on his way to Italy.

On his arrival in the metropolis he found Velasquez in a fair way of obtaining permanent fame as well as fortune; Murillo made himself known to his distinguished brother and informed him of his history and of his plans; Velasquez was struck with the talents and pleased with the enthusiasm of the young painter; he treated him with great kindness—he did more, he persuaded him to seek

art in nature instead of looking for it in pictures, and, to enable him to do this more effectually, obtained him full employment in the Escurial and the various palaces of Madrid. The colouring of his new patron pleased him so well that he kept his works in his eye in many of his compositions, and soon succeeded in satisfying his countrymen that a painter rivalling Velasquez and Vandyke in force of colour and freedom of handling had arisen among them. He remained in Madrid three years; so much had fortune smiled on him that on returning to Seville he had no longer to make his way smooth by manufacturing flower pieces, and so much had his fame risen that he was welcomed back to his native place as one whose talents conferred honour.

He received immediate employment both from the clergy and people of Seville; for the former he painted the cloister of St. Francis, and so happily did he handle the history of the saint that his countrymen, say his biographers, could not suppress their admiration and astonishment. His picture of the death of St. Clara, and one finer still, St. James distributing alms, carried his reputation high and spread it far; in these he shewed himself worthy of being named with the first masters of his country. Commissions now poured in from all quarters: church after church obtained attractions from his hand: nor was he less skilful in portrait delineation than in historic composition; wealth followed fame,

and in a short while he acquired what was to him an independent fortune. " His success, however," says Pilkington, " never led him to be careless of his reputation; he gradually perfected his manner, by giving more boldness to his pencil, and without abandoning that sweetness in his colouring which distinguished him from all his rivals, encreasing its strength and giving greater freedom to his touch."

He was invited to Cadiz, where he painted the grand altar of the Capuchins, and his more celebrated work the Marriage of St. Catherine. In one of those moments when a man of genius minds nothing save the subject which possesses his fancy Murillo forgot that he was working on a lofty scaffold, and fell and hurt himself so severely that he continued a sufferer for years, till death relieved him in the month of April, 1682. His works are numerous and of various kinds; he was a painter of history, landscape, flowers, and occasionally portraits. He is altogether of Spanish growth; he never studied out of his native land, and his works bear witness that he went to nature chiefly for all that has given him fame. " This originality of talent," says one of his biographers, " places him in the first rank among the painters of every school. He has neither the charming dignity of Raphael, the grandeur of Caracci, nor the grace of Correggio, but as a faithful imitator of nature he is second to none; he is sometimes vulgar and incorrect, but he is ever true and natural, and the sweetness, brilli-

ancy, freshness and harmony of his colouring make us forget all his defects." We refrain at present from making remarks on the historic style of this eminent painter, inasmuch as we have a noble, and little known, scriptural picture of his in the hands of the engraver, lately consigned from Spain to W. W. Sharp, Esq. of Upper Berkeley street, Portman-square, which will afford us an opportunity of doing his genius justice.

The picture to which these hasty remarks refer was presented to the National Gallery by M. M. Zachery, Esq., it measures one foot ten inches high, by one foot four inches wide; is supposed to be a portrait, and is painted with uncommon lightness of pencil.

E. J. Havell.

London: Published ... 1833 by John Major 50 Fleet Street.

LOUTHERBOURG.

LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES.

This picture belonging to the collection of John Slater, Esq. is one of the best landscapes we have seen from the pencil of Loutherbourg. He was a great master in his way: no one knew better how to make the little that nature had done for him go far; his skill in theatrical scenery enabled him to single out readily all the glittering materials of the picturesque, and his academic experience aided him in arranging them on his canvas in a striking and imposing manner. His eye was familiar with foreign nature and over-sea art, and something of another land mingles in all his productions; yet one or two of the leading features of our island landscape may be traced in the work before us: a picture resembling it in some degree is at present in the Royal Collection where it is called a castle in Wales. Nevertheless we are inclined to regard it as a composition: nature seldom crowds so many interesting matters into such small compass: Loutherbourg was intimate with all the resources and commonplaces of art, and knew how to blend them together and work them up with effect. Here we

have a ruined castle to recall past times, with architecture indicating the gothic race who raised it: a mill formed among the ruined defences, with its machinery turned by the stream which once filled the fosse, to shew that peace and industry have triumphed; while shrubs and trees, like the vines in the versified conceit of Addison

"Anxious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes,"

cover with their thick foliage those rents in the shattered fortress which jarred with the general harmony of the composition. Cattle are drinking or cooling their hoofs in a little pond of quiet water; rustics are removing their well filled sacks from the mill, while a female mendicant with her child lingers on the road feeling the fragrance, perhaps, of the warm new-ground meal, or sensible, like most of the wandering race, of the beauty of the scene around.

Philip James de Loutherbourg was born at Strasburgh in the year 1740; his father, principal painter to the Prince Hanau Darmstadt, had studied with success under Largilliere; but though an artist himself, he had no desire to see his son embrace his precarious profession, and destined him for the engineer department of the army, while his wife, a devout and earnest Lutheran, wished to have him trained up for the ministry of the church. As a liberal education was required for both, Loutherbourg was placed in the college of Strasburgh

where he made progress in languages as well as mathematics: nor was this all, he secretly bestowed his attention upon art, and had acquired some skill in drawing as well as the use of colours when his parents made the unwelcome discovery, and seeing both their schemes frustrated consented that he should follow what his genius seemed to incline to. He studied for some time under his father, and was then sent to Paris where he found an instructor in Carlo Van Loo. It is said that he displayed uncommon quickness of eye and readiness of hand: that he made great progress is beyond doubt, for at the age of twenty-two he was elected, like our own Lawrence, a member of the Academy of Painting contrary to the fixed regulations which made thirty the age of admission. This breach of academic rules was set down to the uncommon genius of the painter; the world looked for wonders from his hand, and it cannot be denied that he laboured to show himself worthy; he was not however very successful in Paris; he quitted it without reluctance; studied in Germany, in Switzerland and finally settled in Italy, where he painted with equal willingness and celerity, portraits, landscapes, and battles by sea and land. Some of these were purchased by English travellers: to vindicate their own discernment and taste they praised them as marvellous things of the kind: the name of Loutherbourg began to be heard of in our island, and the painter himself arrived in London in the year 1771.

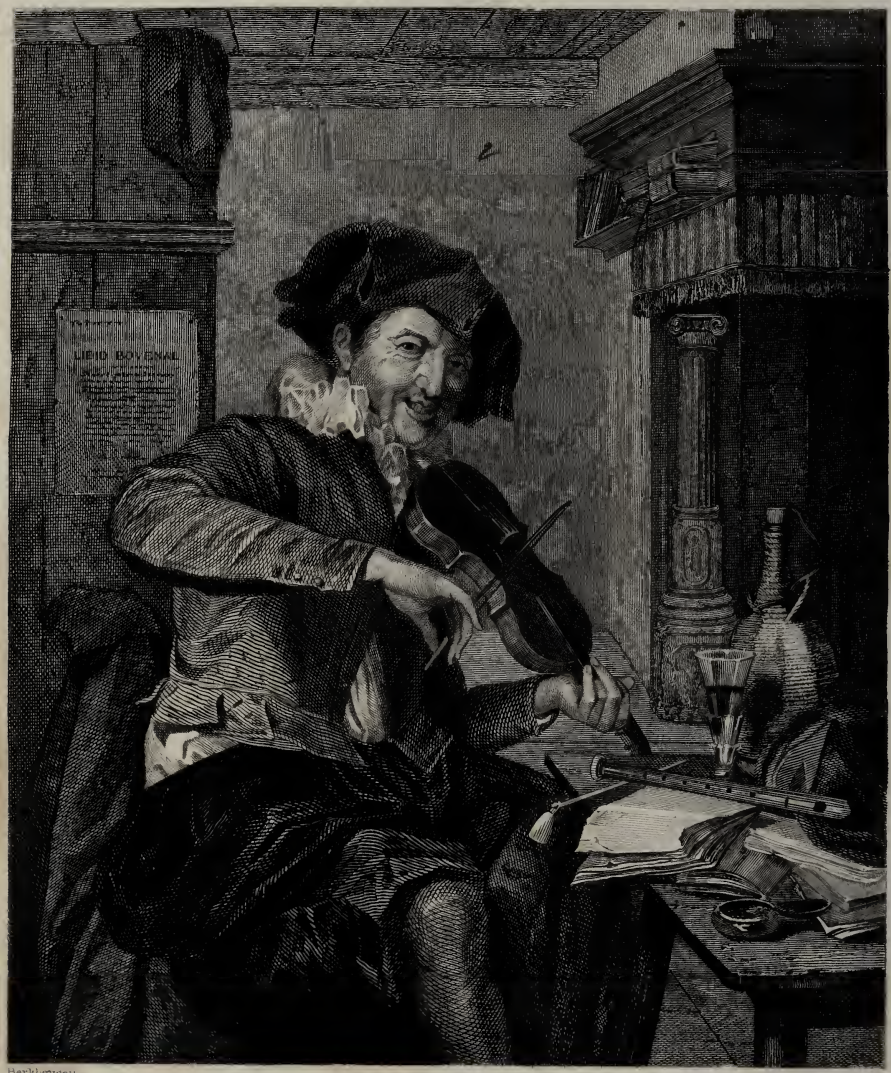
At that period the two chief masters of British landscape were living, and their merits acknowledged: Gainsborough had obtained independence by his marriage as well as by his talents, and painted according to his own pleasure: Wilson was too poor to follow the impulse of his genius and occupied himself in the drudgery of copying his own pictures when he longed to be creating something new: but neither were much in the way of Loutherbourg, he was a foreigner, and as such found favour in the sight of all those, and they are not few, who imagine that artists trained in over-sea academies cannot fail to excel those educated at home, and who have moreover a kind of twilight belief in the absurd assertion of Winklemann that our climate is too cold for producing either fine feeling or high imagination. Garrick seems to have estimated his genius more justly, he employed him to paint the scenery for Drury Lane. Here his quickness of hand and his powers of combination were called into life and activity; cascades white with foam; rocks shaggy and wood-crowned; ruined temples with owls on the roof; shattered castles with foxes looking out of the windows; wide spreading lakes studded with islets, the islets again inhabited by deer, robbers or hermits, with moons unnaturally luminous and stars more than naturally bright, together with agitated oceans and foundering ships, were all things in which the painter excelled and which he jumbled together and reproduced in other landscapes as a sculptor

melts down many strange pieces of metal and pouring the whole into one mould gives a new form to old materials. These picturesque creations had their admirers; the good people of the galleries applaud whatever is portentous and glaring, and the painter attributed, and with justice, some of the praise showered upon Garrick when he triumphed on the scene, to the charms of his own pictorial compositions and the fascination of his colours.

The approbation of the pit and galleries was not lost on the Royal Academy; in the year 1782 Loutherbourg was admitted a member, and became in rotation a visitor and one of the Council. His success at the theatre emboldened him to try the effect of a series of moving pictures in which he sought to unite the machinist and the painter, by giving motion as well as form; that nothing might be wanting to allure and detain public attention, he added music to the representation, and called his entertainment "Eidophusikon" or an imitation of nature. At first the town wondered what all this might be, painting, music, and an unpronounceable name brought crowds for a space; but a strange fish, which the ingenuity of a sailor tortured into something like a mermaid, made its appearance and the Eidophusikon was neglected and forgotten. Loutherbourg after this exhibition, which brought money, notwithstanding its brief fame, painted the Review of Warley Camp, which found a place in

the Royal Collection; the victory of Earl Howe and the siege of Valenciennes. He died at his residence in Chiswick in the year 1812.

His genius as a painter was not of a high order: his excellence lay in landscape; his scenery was sometimes beautiful, but he delighted in violent contrasts and in glaring colours. His pictures belong to the picturesque school; he was skilful in composition, he knew where to plant a tree, pour a cascade, drop his cattle, scatter his shepherds and raise a ruined tower or a crumbling temple. In short he was one of those artists produced by the cherishing heat of academies rather than by nature's genial warmth; he stood high in his day, but every year is taking something from his fame; such must be the fate of all in whom art is stronger than nature.



Berkheyden H. C. Sherratt.

THE MERRY FIDDLER.

London, Published June 1, 1833, by John Major, 50, Fleet Street.

JOB BERKHEYDEN.

THE MERRY FIDDLER.

There are painters who seek to awe us by their wild and supernatural flights: some who desire to instruct us by their historical delineations: others whose chief pleasure lies in depicting the varied aspect of inanimate nature: a vast number lay out their time and their colours in preserving the looks of the rich or the important; nor is the class small who reprove vice and show folly her own contemptible likeness, but the artists who seem to have satisfied the world most are those who embody scenes of domestic joy, rustic delight, and fire-side happiness. Of this class not the least remarkable was Job Berkheyden. We need not go further for an example of his taste and his skill than the scene before us: one no doubt that the painter himself had seen and enjoyed. It is a picture which belongs to a happy people: the sole inhabitant of the canvas seems well to live in the world, is on good terms with himself, and is in all probability a jolly bachelor who in the cool contents of a choice bottle, the inspiration of a ballad and the

charms of music seeks consolation for the absence of

" —— dear deluding woman
The joy of joys."

He has other materials of enjoyment scattered about: a song whose heading is " Minstrelsy above all things" is stuck on the wall close to his bow-hand: on the other side are some small Dutch-built volumes to be opened perhaps when the fiddle is hung on the nail behind him, and we see something like a chair of state with arms and a canopy which indicate a man of consequence in the village, whose word as well as music is listened to. On looking at this picture in the very interesting collection of R. Ludgate, Esq. we were touched with the festive character of the composition, the truth of the expression and the natural tone of the colouring.

Job Berkheyden was born at Haerlem—a city distinguished for its brave resistance to the victorious Spaniards—sometime during the year 1637. Little is known here of his early life, and less of his works than some of them seem to deserve: his instructor is not named: his biographer contented himself with giving him the picturesque banks of the Rhine for his academy, from whose wooded sides and hurrying waters he collected materials, we are told, for many pretty landscapes. When he had taken a number of sittings from inanimate nature he turned his attention to men and animals, nor was he ill to please in his models for he found them in boors, innkeepers and shepherds, and in the ordinary

drudging cattle which ply on the road, or are to be seen in the fields. When he had acquired sufficient skill in such delineations he then thought of uniting landscape with life, and in imitation of Teniers, pictured the peasants of his native land at feasts, weddings, dances, drinkings and conversations. The truth of character and agreeable colouring of these compositions carried his name over the province and he acquired both money and reputation. He seems now to have associated his brother Gerard, some seven years younger than himself, with his labours: they painted many pictures in conjunction and lived so happily together that they engaged in a sort of romantic expedition which ended favourably for their fortunes.

Their native place, it is said, was not sufficiently generous or kind, and the two brothers determined to seek more discerning patrons. They heard much of the munificence of the Elector Palatine: how he encouraged genius and rewarded art, and without an introduction of any kind or a friend to aid them they set out for the court of the Prince. They wasted several days in wandering about the palace or its neighbourhood: they were personally unknown to all, and it would seem that their fame had not yet penetrated to the throne. At last they fell upon a scheme of making themselves known—a scheme much resorted to by the painters of these our latter days—they resolved to try what an exhibition would do: "Having often observed," says

Pilkington, " the Elector going out to the chase, Berkheyden took particular notice of all the nobility in his train, and then with the aid of his brother finished two pictures containing the portraits of the prince and his principal attendants. When the pictures were finished he prevailed with an officer of the household to place them in a gallery through which his highness passed at his return. The prince no sooner saw them than he expressed the greatest surprise and satisfaction at the performance: enquired after the artists, and ordering them to be brought into his presence received them graciously, rewarded them nobly for their work and made them considerable presents besides, among which were two medals of gold." These are pleasing traits in the characters of princes and painters: it is seldom that biography has aught so romantic to relate of either: the former rarely now favour the unfriended, and the latter paint and complain without trying to awaken slumbering generosity by any such poetic attempts. The painter died in 1693: his works are not common in this country.

GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

CANALETTO.

VENICE.

Venice has sat so often to our limners of late that we are almost weary of looking on her loveliness; we are familiar with the Bridge of Sighs, we have been rated on the Rialto; we have sailed up her canals in a gondola amid the music of many flutes, and finally we have looked on her when, with banners spread and her people rejoicing, she was shown by Turner floating amid the Adriatic like a city gone to sea. Of all those, and they are many who have painted this "Sea Wonder" of the poet, no one has come up to Canaletto for perfect truth and decided reality: he was a native of Venice; he was familiar with all her palaces, arsenals and canals; he had looked on her by the sun and by the moon, and her perfect image was impressed on his mind as legibly as a seal is on the melted wax. In this he has excelled all other artists and in this chiefly: for most of his pictures want that aerial splendour with which artists of imagination know how to invest their temples and towers. To ensure accuracy of delineation he employed the Camera Obscura, laid down the chief lines and leading features,

and then throwing aside the instrument touched the whole into elegance and beauty with the pencil. His buildings have a rich and glossy look as if they were raised of polished marble, and his water has the natural gleam of the element, a demure sea-green with a light glimmering below the surface. The picture from which our engraving is taken belongs to the collection of Lord Farnborough, and not inaptly embodies the description of Byron.

"She looks a Sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance with majestic motion
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers,
In purple was she robed and of her feast
Monarchs partook and deemed their dignity encreased."

The works of Canaletto are numerous among us, he was born at Venice in the year 1697, and as his father Bernardo painted scenes for the theatres he was early initiated into the details of perspective, and the mysteries of colour, and acquired that wondrous facility of hand for which all his biographers have praised him. He grew weary of dashing in cascades and ruined towers, and hermitages and scenes of Tophet or Elysium for the playhouse, and made his escape to Rome where he drew from

nature—and the nature round the Eternal City is lovely—and studied ancient ruins of which he found but too many in the town and neighbourhood. Having acquired the necessary science and skill he returned to Venice and took many views of that city—views which nature and art united to render magnificent. Others however he copied with the utmost nicety from the scene before him, which make them acceptable to men who have not been so fortunate as to look upon the Queen of the Adriatic: it is chiefly through pictures of this latter class that Canaletto is known in England. By the advice of Amicona he came to London, remained with us for two years, and painted a perspective view of the inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, for Walpole, who placed it in his curious gothic retreat at Strawberry-Hill: several of his pictures found their way into Buckingham Palace, but whether they were painted here or purchased abroad, we happen not to know.

Canaletto seems to have found favour in the eyes of Lanzi, for he dedicates two entire pages to his history and works. "He composed" says the historian of Italian art, "a great number of inventive pieces forming a graceful union of the modern and the antique—of truth and of fancy together. Several of these he produced for Algarotti; but the most novel and instructive of any, as it seems to me, is the picture in which the grand bridge of Rialto designed by Palladio, instead of that which

at present is seen, overlooks the great canal, crowned beyond with the cathedral of Vicenza and the Palazzo Chericato, Palladio's own works, along with other choice edifices, disposed according to the taste of that learned writer, who has so much contributed to improve that of all Italy, and even beyond Italy itself. For the greater correctness of his perspectives Canaletto made use of the optic Camera, though he obviated its defects especially in the tints of the airs. The first indeed to point out the real use of it, he limited it only to what was calculated to afford pleasure. He aimed at producing great effect and in this partakes somewhat of Tiopolo, who occasionally introduced figures into his pieces for him. In whatever he employs his pencil, whether buildings, water, clouds, or figures he never fails to impress them with a vigorous character ; always viewing objects in their most favourable aspect. When he avails himself of a certain pictorial licence he does it with caution, and in such a way that the generality of spectators consider it quite natural, while true judges only are sensible of its art—an art which he possessed in a very eminent degree."

This is to look at the genius of Canaletto through the medium of one class of his pictures, and there is no question but something like the dawnings of imagination may be observed even in his most literal copies. It says little we fear for the taste of this country that his Venetian fac-similes have been

chiefly in request—scenes which our travellers considered as beautiful they desired to bring with them, in order to travel all their travels over again at home, and in this way and no other can we account for the great number of his pictures in England. His labours at the theatre, in which he was often called upon to dash in half a dozen landscapes in an incredibly short space of time, gave that almost marvellous rapidity to his pencil over which so many have wondered: we must however set down to his own good taste the pains which he took to make them accurate, and that air of reality which he communicated to all he touched. His fastidious accuracy of delineation has its drawbacks; men lose the grand in the minute; the majestic in the neat, and in giving every pillar and pilaster, architrave and coign of vantage, with the fidelity of a Clerk of the works, the eye is called to these inferior points from the general sweep and outline of the performance. In many of our lesser landscapes the trees of the forest sat sometimes for their individual portraits; the minutest matter is marked without reflecting that it is the leading features alone on which the eye of the spectator lingers. In painting a birch, an ash, an elm or an oak the touch which distinguishes their natures is wanted, and not the detail of leaf and bark and bough. In all that belongs to the elegant and the accurate Canaletto was a master; he lived to a great age, established something like a school, and instructed his nephew

Bernardo Bellotto in his system of painting. He has had few followers, the pains which he took alarm all such students as expect to produce landscape by broad masses of colour and sudden bursts of light and darkness; those who can only copy nature must copy her exactly, for the moment they forsake her they fail: those who have true imagination may do as they like, for in their hands the wildest flights are united to truth and nature by the spell which genius throws over all her works. Canaletto must be considered as the chief of the Architectural painters; many have his accuracy but few his lucid depth of colour; fewer still can like him endow a work of reality with the hues of imagination: he lived in Venice after he returned from England, and died there in the year 1768.

VANGOOL.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

The works of this painter are not numerous in this country; the picture before us belongs to the collection of Mr. Hargrave of Liverpool. It tells its own story very clearly, and is in its nature domestic. Vangool has laid the scene during the grape season, for some fine large bunches are plucked and placed in a cooler; a cluster or two have already been used, for so the artist means to let us understand by strewing leaves on the floor. It is daytime too, the sunlight is mild on the window, nor is hunting an amusement without its attractions, for a handsome greyhound seems ready for the chace. The house belongs to one of some condition; the ceiling is high, the beams are neatly squared, and all has a substantial if not an opulent look. The party who give life to this scene next merit attention; four persons are at a table, two men and two women; a man and a woman are engaged in a game at cards; the latter holds out the ace with an air of quiet triumph, nor is the former without his triumph too; he has not yet seen what his partner produces against him, but

takes out the Queen of Hearts, and looking with a quiet consciousness in the face of a young lady beside him seems to say, with his eye, "what this is to the pack so you are to me." A man in a dark cloak and the lady with the ace appear ignorant of all this bye-play, and it must be confessed that the young lady, the object of so much attention, bears it with a sort of balanced equanimity of look; she acknowledges the matter with her eyes and rests content. The painter has impressed love, wine, and the chase on his picture; all is simple, there are no elaborate auxiliaries.

In scenes of this domestic nature the heart of England feels an interest; the grand or high historical seems almost a flight above common sympathy. We think portrait would work well in groups such as this before us; and let it be borne in mind that our early painters set the example; to go no higher than Hogarth, his conversation pieces, as he called them, though perhaps a little too literal have great merit both in character and colour, and might be imitated by some academicians with advantage to themselves. It is all very well to have single heads when they are of any mark in the country and can lay claim to something intellectual; our Scotts, our Wordsworths, our Broughams, and our Wellingtons need not be tied up in couples nor yoked in conversation, but we cannot glance round the walls of our exhibition rooms without a consciousness that many heads there require the

additional charm which employment gives, to render them worthy of a second look. In truth to give an image of domestic life is to do something of a high order. The well trimmed evening fire and the well ordered house, the more youthful part of the household busied in their various lessons, the elder about some thrifty employment, the eye of the matron superintending and directing all, and the head of the house, like Ossian's warrior, "on his own hill retired," pondering over the concerns of the day, or indulging himself with a book, an instrument of music, or a game at cards, like the well dressed gentleman in the work before us would make a fair picture. Out of scenes, such as life every hour presents an artist of any fancy might work whole galleries; half a dozen human beings can take as many postures as so many bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

We were once present at the Exhibition when a plain common-sense-minded person, who knew little about how pictures were produced, but was not insensible of their beauties when finished, entered into conversation with an artist of some name on the merits of the works around. The painter complained that the high-history pictures spread their colours and shewed their groups in vain to the world. "It is a very fine thing no doubt," said his friend, "to look at a grand picture made up of princes and heroes, and heroines of other times—where life is given to those who died four thousand

years ago. But such a picture is out of the reach of ordinary sympathies; what care I for Sesostris, Pharoah Necho, or Ptolomy Philadelphus: I can look on Mutius Scævola and his deeds or on the exploit of Curtius without any emotion. If you want to win my affections come into English history, and shew me the actions of heroes; there you can charm me, unless you choose to paint the druids or the kings of the Saxon Heptarchy. You laugh and think because I care nothing for your Egyptians or Romans that I admire yonder great grey cart-horse, larger than life, so splendidly framed and filling up one side of the room; no! I can see a horse at any time almost that I choose to look out of my window, so there was no use in bringing the prodigious brute here—had you clapt a warrior on his back, or put him into a gallop the thing had been better; a horse at full speed, an eagle in full flight, and a man thinking are three noble things. Nor can I admire some of these landscapes; trees don't think and meadows express no sentiment, and that crow flying over them can at the best but croak. I can see such matters without frames, for they are constantly before my eyes. But look at this little picture; a young shepherd plays on his pipe, his dog looks up well pleased, that shepherdess has an air of grave delight, this one tosses her head, disposed to mock both music and musician.—The picture is of man and so I like it."

CUYP.

LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE.

Cuyp has gained the general favour of mankind by delineating nature, and touching it gracefully with the finger of poesie. It is not in his groups of cattle, nor yet in the action and character of his shepherds and husbandmen, that his chief power lies; it resides in that calm loveliness of scene which gladdens all who look, and cheers them with that wholesome joy which brims the cup without overflowing it. Not a little of this is visible in the fine picture before us; the air is quiet, there is not a breath in the woods; the cows of a farmer, four in number, seek at mid-day the side of a shallow pool; two stand cooling their hoofs, two lie down on the marshy and moist ground; while two children stand nigh them, in the shadow of the wood, and enjoy themselves rather than keep watch. A few sheep lie or nibble on a distant knoll; one shepherd sits on the ground, another stands leaning on his staff or crook, enjoying the beauty of the boundless landscape, while a child kneels, in prayer apparently, beside him. The sun, without being seen, kindles up the whole, glancing on the shafts of the

trees, on the dress of the shepherds, on the backs of the cows, and on the sedgy pool. The painter has indicated by flags and rushes that the water is not deep, and by the vicinity of the children that the cattle are harmless. The painting from which this engraving is copied, belongs to the fine collection of W. Wells, Esq. of Redleaf-Park.

There is a professor of perspective in each Academy, whose duty it is to lead the minds of the students to the contemplation of scenes of natural beauty and splendour; to teach them the art of perceiving and combining the picturesque points of the rough picture, which nature supplies, into one grand and harmonious landscape; touching it with light here and with darkness there, and communicating to the whole the hues of earth, or the lustre of heaven, as the subject requires. It has never been our fortune to meet with any lectures on the art of landscape, or yet to listen to our own gifted professor when he annually descants on an art to which he has brought fine skill and a fair imagination. Looking therefore on the hill, with its canopy of cloud, the valley with its stream, the sky with its sunshine or its stars, and ocean with its wilderness of waters, sleeping or agitated, and comparing the raw materials of art with the finished productions of the pencil, we are compelled to acknowledge that landscape painters have less honoured their maker in the imitation of inanimate nature, than we think the grand historical artists

have done in representing man with his deeds and his passions. We have, we confess, never yet seen any body of living men capable, from nobleness of form and godlike grace of expression, of enacting Da Vinci's last Supper, or some of Raphael's Cartoons: while we must acknowledge that we have seen such splendour in the heavens above, and such beauty on the earth beneath—such risings and such settings of the sun—such tumultuous heavings of the sea when thunder prevailed and fire was in the air, as we have never yet seen any thing from a painter capable of matching, save Wilson and Turner, or Martin now and then.

We have ventured, in the absence of the lights of Professors, to hazard this remark, and we shall not be surprised to find that we have come to a hasty conclusion, and without allowing enough for the merits of Salvator Rosa, Claude, the Poussins, and others: without therefore following further the will-o'-wisp of our own fancy, let us see what one of the masters in painting—one not unskilled in landscape—says of the labours of the men whom Fuseli called "sworn land surveyors." In his thirteenth discourse, Sir Joshua Reynolds speaking of an artist with true imaginative powers, says, "like Nicolas Poussin, he transports us to the environs of ancient Rome, with all the objects which a literary education makes so precious and interesting to man; or like Sebastian Bourdon, he leads us to the dark antiquity of the pyramids of Egypt; or like Claude

Lorraine, he conducts us to the tranquillity of Arcadian scenes and fairy land. Like the history painter of landscapes in this style, and with this conduct, sends the imagination back into antiquity; and like the poet, he makes the elements sympathise with his subject: whether the clouds roll in volumes, like those of Titian or Salvator Rosa, or like those of Claude are gilded with the setting sun: whether the mountains have sudden and bold projections, or are gently sloped: whether the branches of his trees shoot out abruptly in right angles from the trunks, or follow each other with only a gentle inclination. All these circumstances contribute to the general character of the work, whether it be of the elegant or the sublime kind." This we think a fine artist-like passage, worthy of the consideration of all painters who desire to introduce the grand and the majestic of nature upon their canvas, and exclude the mean and the common-place. Nor do we think that the delineating of such scenes is more trouble to an imaginative mind than to elaborate out a mechanical fac-simile of nature is to a painter blessed with fine hands, but unaided by fancy. Such landscapes are his element; he has heroic visions of mountains, and valleys, and mighty rivers: the world before the flood is revealed: he sees Greece with all her glory on, and Thebes opening her hundred gates to her thousand chariots of war: or better still, his mind ascends to heaven, he delineates celestial cities; mountains where spirits dwell, the

lands where the just men made perfect live; the immortal spires of the new Jerusalem; scenes in short to which those in Paradise of old are but as a proverb.

Landscapes such as these but seldom appear to hands skilful in arresting their glories on canvas, and humbler subjects are more acceptable to the bulk of mankind; for after all, much of the spirit of the grazier is abroad, earth is looked upon less for its beauty than for its productiveness. It is difficult to direct the footsteps of the close copyist of nature, of the unimaginative and literal minded, who thinks no picture good unless he can swear to its accuracy. Yet our isle teems with lovely and untrodden nooks: fairy spots on mountain rivulet banks; scenes by hoary and tottering castles; dells, where you hear the moan of the cushat dove, and the murmur of the brook; and after looking downward into the bosom of the darkness for a minute's space you see, or think you see, the sparkling of the running water, or the flitting of the startled bird, who fears you are about to precipitate yourself upon his domain. We could, in truth, in a couple of hours' walk in our own native land, select as many beauteous scenes renowned in song and story, as would make the fortune and fame of any painter who is capable of copying what is before him. Nor should we forget that it was in England that Gainsborough saw the scenes on which his glory is founded. "The style and department of art which he chose,"

says Reynolds, "and in which he so much excelled, did not require that he should go out of his own country for the objects of his study; they were every where about him; he found them in the streets and in the fields; and from the models thus accidentally found, he selected with great judgment such as suited his purpose. As his studies were directed to the living world principally, he did not pay a general attention to the works of various masters, though they are in my opinion always of great use, even when the character of our subject requires us to depart from some of their principles. If Gainsborough did not look on nature with a poet's eye, it must be acknowledged that he saw her with the eye of a painter."

The landscapes of Cuyp resemble those of Gainsborough, inasmuch as they have more of the real than of the poetic. They might be conceived without much labour of imagination, though no one without fancy could have painted them. We shall presently render some account of his life and studies, and enter more fully into the merits of his compositions—he has followers, and not unsuccessful ones, in this country.

Rembrandt. F. Mansell.

TOBIT AND THE ANGEL.

London, Published Aug.st 1, 1833, by John Major, 50, Fleet Street.

REMBRANDT.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

To admit little light and give that little a wonderful brilliancy is the chief merit which Reynolds notices in the pictures of Rembrandt: to this he might have added vigour of expression, though no doubt it is subordinate to the effect of his light and shade. There is a strange vigour impressed on all his works, yet it is more startling than natural: he refused indeed to take nature as he found her: her fine amenities he could not improve, nor exalt her grandeur: it was his pleasure to look upon her as man never looked before, and the consequence is that his labours often astonish, but seldom entirely please those who compare the offspring of talent with that of truth. By admitting a strong light through a small space—like a sunbeam through an auger bore, he produced an unnatural mixture of the bright and the dark, but in doing this Rembrandt was playing tricks with light and shade and using the elements of art rather as a slight-of-hand-man than a true painter. When however the first flush of our surprize is over we cannot fail to perceive that amid all this legerdemain there is a vast deal of nature

united with that astonishing splendour of colouring which so many have tried to emulate. Amid all the violence of his contrasts there is a well sustained harmony: he reconciles the strongest oppositions. He nevertheless made no experiments on the human figure: he took man as he found him: his Dutch proportions were to him what the Chinese rules of sculpture are to them, producing deformity rather than divinity.

The work before us is in the National Gallery: the figures which it contains are not free from the reproach which we have mentioned, while its light and shade scarcely startle us so much as our description indicates. The demi-divine nature of the subject perhaps sobered down the extravagance of the painter a little. It is taken from the book of Tobit and embodies those verses of the fifth chapter in which Tobias the son of Tobit and the angel Raphael arrive at the banks of the Tigris on their way to Ecbatana. It is true that the apochryphal scriptures—if we may use such a term—represent the angel as concealing his glories under the form and garb of a servant hired for the journey, and allow him nowhere save at the denouement of the adventure to intimate his real character or the object of his mission: the license of invention however permitted him to appear what he was, in all other eyes save those of his companion: and were it not for his wings and a certain brightness of presence we should not imagine him to be allied to aught

heavenly. Tobias is a squat person, and not at all of a presence likely to attract the notice of maidens difficult to please: but the lady for whom his journey is undertaken had been widowed seven times: her losses had made her easy to satisfy in the matter of beauty and shape: besides as none of her bridegrooms survived the first night she might think that any shape was good enough for the evil spirit to make such short experiments upon. The passage which relates this is a singular one.

13. Then the young man answered the Angel, I have heard, brother Azarias, that this maid hath been given to seven men, who all died in the marriage chamber.

14. And now I am the only son of my father, and I am afraid, lest, if I go in unto her, I die, as the other before: for a wicked spirit loveth her, which hurteth nobody, but those which come unto her: wherefore I also fear lest I die, and bring my father's and my mother's life because of me to the grave with sorrow: for they have no other son to bury them.

15. Then the Angel said unto him, Dost thou not remember the precepts which thy father gave thee, that thou shouldest marry a wife of thine own kindred? wherefore hear me, O my brother; for she shall be given thee to wife; and make thou no reckoning of the Evil Spirit; for this same night shall she be given thee in marriage.

16. And when thou shalt come into the marriage chamber, thou shalt take the ashes of perfume, and

shalt lay upon them some of the heart and liver of the fish (*one caught miraculously in the Tigris*) and shalt make a smoke with it:

17. And the Devil shall smell it, and flee away, and never come again any more: but when thou shalt come unto her, rise up both of you, and pray to God which is merciful, who will have pity on you, and save you: fear not, for she is appointed unto thee from the beginning; and thou shalt preserve her, and she shall go with thee. TOBIT, Chap. vi.

This fine passage is worthy of a more imaginative painter than Rembrandt; it was present to the mind of Milton once at least in his noble poem of Paradise Lost. The genuine works of this eminent master are very rare: a considerable number are in England: his portraits are in great request: but though admirable for likeness and looks of life they are deficient in grace and elevation though touched with inexpressible fire and spirit.

Wedgwood.

GAINSBOROUGH.

THE WATERING PLACE.

Of this fine picture presented by Lord Farnborough to the National Gallery, a critic says: "it is beautiful and striking though all it contains is cows drinking, children playing and trees growing beside a pool of water." Few of the pictures of Gainsborough contain more: he had the art which formed noble scenes out of common things: he sought no fame from his subject, but gave fame to it: he was none of those who desired to connect their names with landscapes renowned in song and story: he selected from nature rather than from history such subjects as suited his pencil, and loved to triumph over rude materials and lift them into the region of poetry. We shall now say something of the life of this great painter.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in the year 1727: his father, who died in good circumstances, was a clothier, a dissenter, a personable man and of singular habits, for the peasants around averred that he carried about his person a brace of pistols and a dagger. While yet a boy it was observed that the future painter loved to wander along

the vales and down the glades and linger nigh the old fantastic trees of his native Suffolk. It was in these excursions that a love of art arose in his heart. He took the leisure which school holidays afforded and with pencil and paper sought to depict the scenery around. Of these early sketches none now exist, but their merit was such as to astonish his father and excite wonder among the neighbours. No fine clump of trees, no picturesque stream, nor romantic glade —no cattle grazing, nor flocks reposing, nor peasants pursuing their pastoral occupations—escaped his diligent pencil. In truth the scenes which first arose on his sight were those which ever afterwards kept possession of his fancy. He saw the hills and dales around him peopled with shepherds and their flocks, and husbandmen with their teams, and when he grew up the pictures from which he hoped for fame were transcripts of his native land exalted by genius and embellished by art.

He had made some progress in the science of his profession when at fourteen he was despatched to London to study under a painter of more skill than reputation—Hayman. With that witty and something dissolute person Gainsborough studied several years: from whom he learned his force and his colouring no one has told us: the style of his master was deficient in vigour, nor was much to be gained from Gravelot to whom Edwards ascribes the honour of instructing him in the rudiments of art. His witty remarks, his lively conversation, his good looks and

his undoubted genius obtained him many friends. He seemed not at all ambitious: to gain by his pencil a comfortable livelihood and live undistinguished in a country village were the limits of his wishes, and these seemed so easy of attainment that he returned to his father's house resolved to make the experiment. He had not perhaps considered ripely how all this was to be achieved, for he continued to reside with his father for some time, and gave himself up entirely to landscape painting.

Accident sometimes performs for man what he is slow in doing for himself. We have not heard that Gainsborough had paid any addresses, farther than with the pencil, to the ladies of Suffolk when he happened to encounter a young woman in one of his solitary walks who made an instant impression on his heart. It appears that as he was making a sketch of some fine spreading trees, with sheep clustered below and wood-doves sitting above, he was aware of an addition to the natural beauty of the scene in the person of Margaret Burr, then in her sixteenth year, and who with good looks inherited good sense, and was moreover said to be descended from the exiled princes of the island. The courtship of the susceptible is sometimes short: soon after this wild-wood meeting they were married, left Sudbury for Ipswich, and on a small annuity which his wife brought, the painter commenced a career which conducted him to fame and independence.

Though landscape may be called the natural offspring of Gainsborough's heart he also excelled in portrait. This sort of skill he found useful. Those who could not admire a fine scene in which art and nature strove for mastery, were capable enough of admiring themselves, and employed the artist in a sort of manufacture which has been carried to great perfection here. One of those who chiefly admired his own countenance was Thicknesse, governor of Landguard Fort—but then both the painter and patron were eccentric sort of persons: they would do nothing in an ordinary way: when the one was ready to sit the other was not prepared to paint; and when the pencil was wet and the palette in order the sitter was not forthcoming. The Governor succeeded at last in offending the painter: Gainsborough went to Bath in the year 1758 and rose into sudden reputation both for landscape and portrait and for pictures which united both. Thither he was followed by Thicknesse, nay the latter had the vanity to persuade himself that from his notice the fame of Gainsborough had arisen, and assumed the airs of one in whose train the rising genius of the land was to be found. Pride in poets or in painters is not accounted a sin, and in this the artist was not deficient: offended with a patronage which oppressed him, he escaped from beneath the "Upas tree" and set up his easel in London.

Freed from the "fash of fools" the painter soon vindicated his claim to take rank with the highest

spirits of the land. His portraits in the opinion of many rivalled those of Reynolds: and some of them indeed are vigorous in character and splendid in colour: he was not however equal—he had his happier hours less frequently than Sir Joshua and never enjoyed any thing like his popularity. In landscape he was without a rival: not but that Wilson excelled him as he excelled all others, in the splendour of his poetic scenes; but pictures of the more imaginative kind were not then any more than now the favourites of the world: the delineations of Gainsborough required neither history nor fancy in the spectator: they appeared in the public sight as a sort of landscape portraiture in which the hills and trees and streams and the working population of the land were represented with beauty as well as truth.

Like some other artists of his day he had a dispute with the Royal Academy, and there was a coldness between him and Reynolds which continued till Gainsborough was on his death bed. To Fuseli his success seems to have given much offence, for in that painter's edition of Pilkington an injurious character is given of his genius: with almost all others of his brethren he was on friendly terms; and indeed no one could well dislike him; his ready wit, his generosity and openness of heart won on the cold and the difficult. It was his practice to paint standing: he loved too to work at a distance from his canvas, and used pencils with shafts a

couple of ells in length. He rose early, began painting between nine and ten o'clock, wrought diligently for four or five hours and then gave up the rest of the day to domestic society and to music of which he was passionately fond. He loved to make sketches during the evenings: when he could not please himself he threw the paper under the table, when he satisfied his fancy he placed the sketch in his portfolio, and if it pleased him after many days he expanded it into a picture. His reputation is on the rise rather than on the wane, a consolation to all painters who passionately feel the beauties of nature and can delineate them in glowing colours. He died August 2, 1788, in the sixty-first year of his age—Sheridan and Reynolds accompanied his body to the grave.

Teniers. W. Raddon.

THE GAME OF TRIC TRAC.

London, Published August 1, 1833, by John Major, 50, Fleet Street.

TENIERS.

TRIC TRAC.

"THE works of David Teniers, junior," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are worthy the closest attention of a painter who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has perhaps never been equalled: there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute." The picture before us belongs to the collection of Thomas Hope, Esq. and justifies by its very peculiar beauty of workmanship the praise of the president. It gives us a lively image of the martial character of the times of Teniers: during his day wars were waged which ended in the triumph of the Protestant union over the Catholic league, the whole continent was filled with armed men, and he had opportunities enow of studying the warriors of his country in peace and in war—or

"On the rough edge of battle ere it joined."

It was however his pleasure to look at soldiers enjoying themselves: the guard room was a favourite place of study, where relieved from duty nature triumphed over discipline; songs were sung, drink

flowed and riotous joy abounded. The scene of this picture is the outer and inner room of guard: it is composed of three distinct groups, all differing in character and yet united in duty, and forming a perfect whole. The men of the remotest group are huddled round the fire, and though their backs are towards us we can see that they are smoking and drinking and engaged at cards. Games of chance are the delight of soldiers. The second or central group is composed of three soldiers—men of mark no doubt in their regiment, for they stand in grave deliberation, and are either discussing the plan of the next campaign or lamenting the lack of discipline and love of drink and gaming in their comrades. Those of the third or foreground group are engaged on the game which gives the name to the picture. Two of them seem wily citizens, or are more probably members of the Commissariat: the other two are officers, one of whom holds a small flagon in his hand while the other is remonstrating with his opponent in the game, and by his clenched hands and serious visage seems to be on the point of losing it. The varied expression and light and shade and handling of the work are all masterly, and shew on what grounds the reputation of the painter has been established.

Pictures of this kind are the works which this country loves. We desire the real and the natural, and court representations rather of what we have seen or may hope to see than scenes furnished

by the fancy. We have little sympathy with art which travels into the distant regions of thought. We consider all such efforts as the attempts of dreamers: of works of high imagination we talk indeed but we do not tolerate them: we reckon a fine portrait, or a close copied landscape as the most exalted doings of art, and it never enters our head that more than a good eye and a skilful hand can be required in the manufacture of pictures and statues. By works of a high kind we must not be understood to mean subjects out of the reach of human sympathy; on the contrary we mean what comes within the limits of belief; pictures of a poetic order, which have their origin in nature but cannot be perfected without the aid of fancy. The widest fame awaits works of the highest genius, for these are rare productions and the world at last bows to what is rare and follows in this the judgment of the well informed and the wise.

With the works of the school to which Teniers belongs no one was better acquainted than Reynolds, for he made a picture-tour in Holland and Flanders; made patient observations, took copious notes, and passed no fine production without careful examination. "Their merit," he says, "often consists in the truth of representation alone: whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed: it is not therefore to be

wondered at, that what was intended solely for the gratification of one sense succeeds but ill when applied to another." This is an unfair description we think of the works of the Dutch School: had any one told Sir Joshua that his portraits were addressed but to the eye, he would have resented it as an affront and with good reason. The pictures of which he speaks are full of domestic gladness and fire-side joy, and though copies—literal perhaps —of what the painters saw, they supply the spectator with matter for reflection and study. Their object was not only to please the eye but to gratify the mind. They are not exalted by genius, nor do they excite any extraordinary ecstasy, yet they please other senses than the sight—wherever human character appears, and of this the Dutch compositions are full—the mind is called into action.

It was one of the rules of study laid down by Reynolds that a painter had to make up his idea of perfection from the various excellencies dispersed over the world. To Italy he said men must go for dignity of thought and splendour of imagination and for the higher branches of knowledge; but as a poetical fancy and power of expression or even correctness of drawing were seldom united with such skill in colour as would set off these beauties to the best advantage it would be necessary to go to the Dutch to learn the art of painting, for in the true use of colours they were unequalled. An artist, he says, by a close examination of their works

may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought which cost them whole ages—and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages—to ascertain.

Works bearing the name of Teniers are numerous in the world—three painters, a father and two sons —and each skilful—may in some degree account for this, but unquestionably there are counterfeits in circulation. Skilful copies pass in the sight of many for rare originals, or a slight change in a figure or a piece of furniture enables the happy proprietor to call it a first or a second thought of Teniers and demand a high price. Their cabinet size aids too in countenancing the imposture, for a fine Teniers, or an Ostade, a Jan Steen or a Gerard Dow will go into small space and may have been contained in the hitherto unrummaged chamber of some Dutch Burgomaster: all this is present to the mind of the wily seller who is as ready with simulated names and dates as with simulated commodities.

Those who visit Holland will still find the pictures of Teniers plentiful, though the French reaped a rich harvest of art in the land. The Dutch had the taste to fill their cabinets with pictures not only suitable in dimensions but also national with respect to subject. Whatever gave a true and brilliant image of the land and the people found favour in their sight: nor were they averse to look on the humblest scenes. Teniers was a painter after the

people's heart: he went but to the cottage or to the market place or the barracks for subjects: a woman spinning by a clear fire and well swept hearth: a market girl holding up a hare for sale: an old man repairing spectacles: boors drinking in the inside of a change-house or quarrelling at the door: a man blowing a trumpet or proving the strength of a new brewing, or soldiers at cards on the drum-head, or dancing on the dusty road side during a march, or gambling in the guard room, as in the present picture, were matters dear to the sight and welcome to the pencil of this eminent master.